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Marriage or the Poorhouse

By ETHEL R. CLAYTON

It happened suddenly, unexpectedly. She had always known that there was a godmother in her little story, an august, invisible lady who had given her the gold-lined mug she cherished and had thereafter apparently done with making gifts forever. However, she did not bother her head about her godmother. She had other and more serious things to occupy her mind. Since her mother died six years before, Jinny had supported herself by sewing. Her mother had been a skilful needlewoman and had taught Jinny all she knew. In consequence Jinny always had plenty of work, and work meant shelter and food and clothing for her. A little good instruction in cutting and fitting would have made her a first-class dressmaker, but this instruction was unobtainable, and so Jinny did the best she could with what she knew.

She understood that she could not always go on sewing. There must come a time when her sight would fail and her hands tremble. Then, unless she was married or had saved enough to take care of her, she must go to the poorhouse, or at best the Old Ladies' home. Jinny was quite alone in the world, having no relations and no intimate friends of her own, unless, indeed, Dan might be called an intimate friend.

Jinny considered Dan very seriously. She knew he wanted to marry her, and she kept evading the question with girlish glee in deferring the actual moment, and thus enjoying it the longer in anticipation, for she believed that when Dan spoke she would consent to marry him. What else could she do? There were only the three things to look forward to—the poorhouse, the Old Ladies' home, and marriage with Dan. She chose the latter.

One night, coming home from prayer-meeting, Dan started her fairly out of her wits by proposing to her, and before she had time to reason she blurted out a "No." Of course she had not meant to say so, but he had taken her by surprise. She had cried herself to sleep that night.

But the next day she had ceased to be Jinny Saxe who sewed for her living and existed in two small rented rooms, and had to count each penny two ways, how to come and how to go. A long-suffering lady, lacking, strangely enough, all other kith and kin at her dying, had left her fortune to her obscure godchild.

It was as the attorneys said, an unusual thing, and to one knew that better than Jinny herself. There in her room, surrounded by her sewing, the girl tried to realize what had happened to her. Four hundred dollars a month for every month so long as she should live! And there lay Mrs. Cross—now chambermaid, all but finished, and two gleams for Anna Mills, just out, and a lot of short-waisted stuff which Miss Dabney had brought in. She would have to do it, of course, and then—then she would be free.

Hazily she went to work. It was hot June weather, and her small sewing room was close, almost breathless. Her hands moistened and darkened the needle she plied with rust. It was too hot to work, and yet she did not know how to stop. Toil and poverty had become almost habits with her. But her heart sang. "Four hundred dollars a month!" Four hundred dollars a month! Why that was more than she had ever earned in a year! When presently Mrs. Cross came in she saw a flushed, excited girl stitching away as for dear life.

"Why, Jinny," the kind woman said, "you look feverish. Are you ill?"

"No, only so happy—so happy!" Oh, Mrs. Cross—! And, half laughing and half crying, stumbling, stammering with joy, Jinny told her good news.

Mrs. Cross stared, exclaimed and collapsed into a chair. She was dumfounded. To think that her unassuming little servant of the needle should become the possessor of riches! It was well nigh inconceivable!

"My dear child," she said, "and then she took the work from Jinny's hands and laid it aside. 'You must not take another stitch. Get up and begin to enjoy your wonderful good fortune. Let me tell you how.' And then she told Jinny. She was a woman of large means and experience, a discerning woman, and as Jinny listened to her the future unfolded before her such new meanings, such delightful possibilities that she felt to sobbing with joy at the revelation. The thought came to her like a stink. 'Suppose I had said 'yes' instead of 'no' to Dan last night!'

Jinny had found a capable friend, and she sewed no more from that day. She was going abroad, accompanied by a cousin of Mrs. Cross—a sensible, middle-aged woman of education, whose business in life was to steer about those who needed steering. Jinny very much needed steering, and so Miss Dabney had undertaken her.

Then followed wonderful full-breathed days of preparation. There were clothes to be bought, books to be read, people to receive who came with congratulations. Jinny had changed completely. She was no longer a poor, pale, hard-working girl with a care-laden nod. He looked heartbroken. The day before she went away he sorrowfully sought her.

"Good-by, Jinny. God keep you," he faltered. "Good-by, dear Dan," she answered lightly.

After all, she was very young, and it was a quick shift from a sewing girl to an heiress. Her new clothes had made a marvelous change in Jinny. They had transformed her from a dowdy into a fashionable young woman. Miss Dabney was very hopeful for her.

"She is bright and well bred and exceedingly receptive. She will make a good match," she told Mrs. Cross.

But marriage, now that she no longer needed to choose between that and the poorhouse, had lost its interest for Jinny.

Europe proved to be a wonder to her. And she herself was a constant surprise to Miss Dabney. She never showed weariness; she never complained; she never became impatient or vexed. She remembered what she saw. There was no doubt at all that Jinny was going to be a success as an heiress. A few young men scented money and pursued her for the sake of it; a few others admired her because she was fresh and sweet and unspoiled. Jinny treated them all alike. She was kind to them while they were in her company, but she soon moved on and forgot them.

Miss Dabney kept her abroad two years. After that they tried California and Florida for two winters, and the mountains and the seashore for as many summers. Jinny had several chances to marry, which Miss Dabney advised her to consider, but she would have none of them. The girl was remarkably indifferent. In spite of the most skillful managing she slipped through those four years apparently heart-whole.

Miss Dabney became uneasy. It was time that Jinny settled upon somebody, and she told the girl so frankly. Jinny heard with a faraway look in her eyes. Then she drew a long breath.

"Let's go home," she said. "Home?" Miss Dabney looked bewildered.

"Yes, home—to Paris."

"But, my dear child," Miss Dabney protested, "there's nothing there."

"There's everything there," Jinny said, passionately.

So one day in the midst of a spring storm they landed in Paris. Mrs. Cross was delighted with Jinny, whom she had not seen for four years.

"How you have improved!" she exclaimed.

"Miss Dabney has been very good to teach me, and I've tried to learn," Jinny answered simply.

She was anxious to know something she dared not ask. Why, she would find out in her own way. She must know what had become of Dan, of whom she had heard nothing in four years.

Next day when the rain had ceased leaving behind it a high, chill wind, she dressed appropriately and went forth seeking. On a certain street corner the wind whirled her veil, lodged at her big hat and swathed her so tightly in her skirts that she could not move an inch. While she was struggling to right herself a man approached and passed Jinny caught a handful of hair out of her eyes and looked at him. Then she gave a little glad cry.

"Dan!" Oh, Dan!

She held out one hand. The other was holding to her hat. She laughed in his face, but her eyes were wet.

"My heart's blown to pieces," she gasped. "Oh, Dan, how good it seems to see you! And how nice you look!"

He smiled.

"I just heard you had arrived and I came on my way to see you," he said.

"And I was coming to find you. What have you been doing all this time, Dan?"

"Making my way. I guess I've got things pretty much as I want them now. But it has been a pretty stiff fight."

"You had the grit and energy for it, though. I know you, Dan. You see, I've been thinking a lot about you all these four years."

"I didn't know that." How proud and happy he looked! Such a well-dressed, fine-looking man as he was! Jinny turned to look at him again, and again as they walked along. Yes! he went on slowly. I hoped some. Maybe I was a fool for doing it, but I resolved to make myself worthy and then some time, Jinny, try my luck with you again."

"I guess that's what I came back to do," she confessed tremulously. "You see, Dan, I've had the money and I've had the chance, but they weren't all I wanted after all. I wanted you, Dan—you!"

How She Knew.

A matronly woman with a keen eye was inspecting a Brooklyn apartment under the guidance of the agent.

"My sister was the tenant here for five years," said the latter, "and found the place very satisfactory."

"Like myself, she is a great lover of cold water bathing, isn't she?" the woman suggested, as she glanced about the bathroom.

"She certainly is," said the agent. "You know her, then?"

"I never saw her," was the prospective tenant's response. "But don't you see that the silver plating is well worn on the bathtub's cold water faucet, while the hot water faucet looks as good as new? The former, therefore, has been constantly in use."

The agent raised his hat. "A feminine Sherlock Holmes," he remarked.

Preparing for the Trip

"It is almost time for me to be going," said Mrs. Binxley's caller, "for George will be waiting for me and mademoiselle will be there to give us our French lesson."

"I didn't know you were studying French," remarked Mrs. Binxley.

"Yes, we've been taking lessons for the last month. We sail July 1, you know."

"I should hardly think two months of French would benefit you perceptibly," observed Mrs. Binxley.

"But we are getting on beautifully," returned her friend. "Mademoiselle is the dearest thing! How she does work with us! She will carry a chair out of the room, asking, in French of course, 'What am I doing now?' And we answer her, you take out the chair. Then she will bring it back, inquiring, 'What am I doing now?' and we reply, 'You are in the chair,' and so on. George says she has carried out and brought back everything in the room except the piano. It's a lovely way to learn a language, for we are not bothered with books."

"You are not going to engage in the business of moving furniture while you are abroad, are you?" asked Mrs. Binxley.

"Of course not, but think of all the words we are adding to our French vocabulary."

"If you are anxious to study French at that way, it seems to me it would be practical to have your teacher represent a dressmaker who has spoiled a garment for you and learn to express in a few emphatic and inclusive words your intention to throw the dress back on her hands unless suitable alterations are made."

But French dressmakers—modistes I suppose—I should call them—never make mistakes," suggested the caller.

"Don't they?" exclaimed Mrs. Binxley. "If you could see a princess gown that I bought in Paris with a back seam that started on the right back, but was lured to one side, you would think French modistes do make mistakes."

"Then I shall ask mademoiselle what to say when one wants changes made in a dress," said the caller. "My dear, if you had studied the language before you sailed you would have saved yourself both money and vexation."

"We had three months of French before we went over," replied Mrs. Binxley. "My husband had studied Latin in his youth, which he said was a great help to him in speaking French, and he was quite proud of his ability in that line—before he went to France. He hasn't mentioned it since."

"Didn't he know how to make use of his knowledge?"

He had a perfect genius for saying the wrong thing," declared Mrs. Binxley. "He got us into trouble more than once. One night when we were traveling through the south of France Mr. Binxley went to the ticket office to have our tickets vised when the train stopped at Narbonne, I believe it was. I never did learn what he said, but several of the officials came to the window of our compartment as anxious as so many hornets and all talking at once. I thought of the way the French people acted during their revolution and my blood ran cold."

"How did it end?" asked the caller.

"There was a little American woman asleep in one corner of our compartment who, awakened by the noise, spoke French so rapidly for a few minutes that she must have made even those natives dizzy. It was and they slunk away without another word. I asked her what it was all about, but she was grumpy and sleepy and not inclined to conversation."

"Didn't you ask your husband what he had said to make those men so angry?"

"Yes, but he did not seem to know. He evidently had used the wrong words."

"I will have mademoiselle arrange a hypothetical argument with railway officials," remarked the caller, thoughtfully.

"I would," advised Mrs. Binxley, "and be sure to have her explain the difference between a 'Jupé' and a 'Jupon,' for you will need the words in shopping."

This conversation reminds me of a dream I had last night," said the caller. "I thought I was in Paris and that mademoiselle, dressed as a tight-rope walker, was tripping gaily over a wire that reached from the Louvre to the Place de la Concorde. When she caught sight of me she swung by on top, calling out: 'What am I doing now?'

"Thousands of people seemed to be waiting for my answer. As I did not know the French word for swinging and had forgotten the French word for toe, I woke in great trepidation."

"It gets on one's nerves dreadfully to study a foreign language."

Chickens a La Mode.

Freddie was visiting relatives in Canada and his mother constantly besought him to be on his good behavior and to avoid saying anything that might give offense, but one day when his aunt asked him at luncheon if he would have some chicken he could not help showing his surprise.

"Why, what's the matter, Freddie?" inquired the aunt. "don't you like fried chicken?"

"Well, aunt, I can't really say," was the reply. You see, down in the states we don't carry our chickens—we pick 'em."—Delineator.



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Club Breakfast, 25 Cents and up

Luncheon, 50 Cents

Table d'Hotel, Dinner, 75 Cents

Also Service a la Carte

Awful Fate of Blasphemer.

A terrible tale comes from Tasildje Novt-lazar, in the Balkans, concerning the lynching of a blasphemer by an infuriated mob of Mohammedans. The victim was a common laborer, and in course of drunken vapors he gave utterance to certain blasphemous remarks which aroused the listening crowd to frenzy. The man was dragged into the yard of an adjacent house, and held down whilst a quantity of lead was melted. He was then ordered to open his mouth, and as he refused and kept it tightly closed his lips were forced apart and his teeth broken, after which the molten lead was poured down his throat.

Turkey Real American Bird.

The turkey, rather than the eagle, is the real American bird. Eagles are found all over the world, but the turkey is a foreigner everywhere else except in America, his native home. The wild turkey of America is the progenitor of all the turkeys in the world. In North America, Mexico and Honduras the turkey was found in great numbers by the white men, but in South America the bird is unknown. Scientists are agreed that the turkey resides outside of his continent only as an immigrant, and that his native home must be sought somewhere north of the Isthmus of Panama.

Dr. F. E. Bush

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ALPENA MARBLE & GRANITE CO.

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Monuments & Headstones

and all kinds of cemetery work.

Fire Alarm Calls.

Directions for turning in Alarm.
Break glass and turn the lever once around until it stops; you can only turn it one way. Do not turn in a second time, until lever has stopped moving.

No. of Box Where Located.
19 Michigan and Peninsular Avenues, near Olson's drug store.
20 Michigan Avenue and Spruce east of Court House.
21 Michigan Avenue and Norway St. M. C. R. Depot.
22 Ottawa Street, at House House.
23 Ogemaw and Cedar streets, near McKay House.
24 Spruce and Iowa streets, near Julius Nelson's house.
25 Michigan Ave. and Park street near Chris Hanson's house.
26 Ogemaw and Maple streets near John Hanson's house.
27 Salling Hanson Co. Planning mill.
28 Salling, Hanson Co., Band mill.
29 Kerry, Hanson, Flooring mill.
30 Railroad Reserve, south side on Electric light pole.

Baths Limited.

Owners of country houses no longer hesitate to ask the co-operation of their guests when it seems necessary. In all the bathrooms of a palace on the Hudson river, which entertains many visitors in the course of a year, says the Sun, there hangs this sign:

"Guests are kindly requested not to draw more than three inches of water into the tub."

Since the host of a famous house had the courage to put up this sign his neighbors have become equally frank in requesting their visitors to help them out.

Remarkable Day of Weddings.

In this age of "records," the statistics of the weddings solemnized on a recent Sunday in Vienna deserve to be registered. No fewer than 1,000 couples were married and 330 silver weddings were celebrated in the 78 parish churches of the capital. In two churches the total was 70 each, and in many others the number surpassed 50. In order to prevent the unusual demand for their services from interfering with the regular celebration of mass, the clergy disposed of the candidates for wedlock in batches of ten and twenty at a time.

Skandinavien F. F.

Meets first and third Saturday of each month
PETER SVENSKIN, President.
JOHN OLSON, Secretary.

Danebod Hall.

Open Saturday evening 8:30-9:30. Sunday 2:30-5:30 p.m. Young Peoples Society meets the first and third Thursday evening of every month. Lecture all other Thursday evenings.

Unity Lodge No. 1362 M. B. A.

Meets the first and third Thursday of each month in the Maccabee Hall.
G. W. CRANDALL, Pres.
P. D. BORCHERS, Sec.

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Society Meetings.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor Rev. James L. Fox. Preaching, 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school 9 a. m. Epworth League, 6:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited to attend.

Presbyterian Church.
Regular church services at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school 9 a. m. Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited to attend.

Methodist Protestant Church.
Rev. R. Connelley, Pastor. Services as follows: Preaching 10 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school 9 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited to attend the above services.

Danish Ev. Lutheran Church.
Rev. P. Kildebe, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 a. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. Biblical Lecture Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

St. Mary's Catholic Church.

Services every first and third Sunday of the month. Confession on the preceding Saturday. On Sunday, mass at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. School at 2 o'clock. All cordially invited to attend the above services.
J. J. HUM, Secretary.

Grayling Lodge No. 366 F. & A. M.

Meets in regular communication on Thursday evening on or before the full of the moon.
Wm. WOODFIELD, W. M.
J. F. HUM, Secretary.

Marvin Post No. 240, G. A. R.

Meets the second and fourth Saturdays in each month at 8 o'clock.
A. L. POND, Adjutant.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 162.

Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays at 8 o'clock in the afternoon.
MRS. ELIZA BROT, President.
MRS. AGNES HAVENS, Sec.

Grayling Chapter R. A. M. No. 120

Meets every third Tuesday in each month.
J. F. HUM, Sec.

Grayling Lodge I. O. O. F. No. 137

Meets every Tuesday evening.
GEO. W. CRANDALL, N. G.
PETER BORCHERS, Sec.

Crawford Tent, K. O. T. M. M. 105

Meets first and third Friday of each month.
GEO. CRANDALL, Com.
M. BURNER, R. K.

Grayling Chapter, O. E. S. No. 631

Meets Wednesday evening on or before the full of the moon.
MRS. EMMA KEELE, W. M.
MRS. EVA PHELPS, Sec.

Court Grayling, I. O. F. No. 700

Meets second and last Wednesday of each month at 8 o'clock.
F. M. FREELAND, R. S.

Companion Court Grayling No. 652, I. O. F.

Meets the second and last Wednesday evening at Maccabee Hall, over H. Peterson's store.
MRS. NELLIE MCNEVIN, R. S.

Crawford Hive, 690, L. O. T. M. M.

Meets first and third Friday of each month.
NANCY DECKROD, Lady Com.
EMMA AMOS, Record Keeper.

Garfield Circle, No. 16, Ladies of the G. A. R.

Meets the second and fourth Friday evening in each month.
ANNA HARRINGTON, President.
BERTHA OAKS, Secretary.

Crawford County Orange, No. 934

Meets at I. O. O. F. Hall, first and third Saturday of each month at 1 p. m.
GEORGE BELMORE, Master.
MAUDE BELMORE, Secretary.

M. W. O. A. Camp No. 10428.

Meets first and third Thursday evenings at G. A. R. Hall.
C. O. McCULLOUGH, V. C.
M. A. BATES, Clerk.

TROPHIES OF THE ROOSEVELT HUNT

By EDWARD B. CLARK
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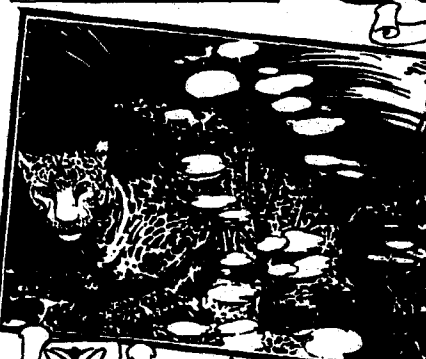


HERE seems to be an impression in the country at large, if one may judge by inquiries which are made of the officials of the National museum, that when visitors come to Washington they will see spread before them in the museum's rooms the trophies of the chase which Theodore Roosevelt conducted in Africa. This is a mistaken impression, and those who contemplate visiting Washington in the near future must make up their minds that while they may get glimpses of the Roosevelt collection it will be a long time before the quarry will be mounted and presented to public view so as to show it to the best advantage.

Of course it must be understood that by far the greater number of specimens of animal life which Theodore Roosevelt and his fellow hunters obtained are those of small species of the natural history kingdom. For every elephant obtained, for instance, there are at least fifty mice, and for every lion there are at least fifty specimens of the dwellers of the field like the rabbits, the squirrels, the foxes and other animals which have their interest to the scientists, but which do not make so brave a showing when on museum view as that of the greater wild beasts.

It is the intention of the National museum authorities eventually to mount and to put on exhibition in family groups the great mammals which the East African expedition secured and sent to Washington. Now the mounting of an elephant, a lion, a leopard, an antelope or a rhinoceros or any of the other big creatures of the wild, is an entirely different thing from the work of years ago. No man nowadays properly speaks of "stuffed" animals. They are no longer stuffed. The old, unsightly specimens are being cast out of the museums of the country. Taxidermy has been left from the plane of the trades and put on the plane of the arts.

In the old days it used to be the custom to take a deer and to wire it and fill it with various kinds of "stuffing," to put in glass eyes and to treat it with arsenic and then to stand it on its four legs in a glass case. All this sort of thing has been done away with as being unworthy. The advanced taxidermist of today approaches his work just as the sculptor or the painter approaches his. The animal family that is to be mounted today is studied carefully in



red deer of America at all four seasons and the environment of each season is reproduced perfectly. One group of deer was secured in summer, another in fall, another in winter and another in spring, and it is possible in walking about the groups to see three of the animals, the buck, the doe and the young, as they appear at the four seasons. Of course the fawn is seen in a variation of sizes until it becomes a lusty yearling.

This illustration of a deer group from the Field Museum of Natural History is given in order to show what may be expected in the National museum at Washington when the larger mammals of the Roosevelt collection are placed on exhibition. Of course instead of the American red deer the visitor will see elephants, lions, leopards and several of the many families of antelopes which inhabit the African country. There will be similar groups of the smaller animals, while for the purposes of the student of animal life there will be in drawers and in cases throughout the museum the skins and the skulls of the smaller mammals which are invaluable for purposes of comparison.

The trophies which former President Roosevelt has presented to the National museum are not the only gifts of value which he has made to the institution. Some years ago when the colonel was hunting in Oklahoma, he secured a specimen of what at first was thought to be a coyote. The colonel had remembered that Woodhouse, a hunter-naturalist of sixty years previous, had obtained an animal in about the same part of the country which it was held was neither a wolf nor a coyote, but a sort of a connecting link between the two, larger than the true coyote and smaller than the true wolf.

Colonel Roosevelt knew that there was some dispute as to the validity of the account of this species. He obtained an animal which was not full grown, but he concluded that it was different from either the coyote or the wolf and he thought it might be of the species or variety that Woodhouse had obtained. He sent the animal to the scientists in Washington and they became convinced after a study of the Woodhouse and the Roosevelt specimens that there no longer could be any doubt of the existence of a family intermediate between the coyotes and the wolves.

The result was that an expedition was despatched to the scene of the Roosevelt hunting, and success crowned its efforts. The knowledge which the former president had of the Woodhouse specimen and the study which he gave the specimen of his own taking led to the establishment of a scientific fact of considerable value. There is now a fine series of the intermediate wolves in the possession of the national authorities.

Nearly one hundred years ago an Englishman claimed that the bear of the Gulf states Louisiana and Mississippi was a different species from the ordinary black bear. The matter was in dispute for years among the scientists. Finally Theodore Roosevelt secured some specimens of the Louisiana bear and sent them to Dr. C. Hart Merriam, then the chief of the biological survey in Washington. Dr. Merriam recently has been given charge of the natural history foundation made possible by the generosity of Mrs. E. H. Harriman.

Dr. Merriam took the Roosevelt bear specimens in hand, and after a long and painstaking study proved that the ordinary black bear of America and the bear of the cane brakes are different species, thus settling a point that had been in doubt for nearly a century. It was the Roosevelt interest in the study of natural history which led to the establishment of a fact of moment to the scientific world.

It is not particularly interesting, except for its association with mythological characters, and Shakespeare's famous lines, which are so often quoted. It rises 6,398 feet above sea level. It has a dome that is now covered with snow and is now the most prominent figure in a group of mountains which have been made famous by song and story.—Saloniki Letter to the Minneapolis Journal.

Behold the old smile on the face of the Oyster Bay popcorn man.

The Gentleman in the Straw Hat

By Philip Kean

"It's the gentleman in the straw hat, miss," said the little maid. "It's a most inconvenient time to see him," Catharine said. "But he insists." Catharine trailed the snowy lengths of her satin gown toward the door. "I suppose I shall have to see him," she said. "Did he give any name?" "No," the maid replied, "but he is the same gentleman that came the other day. I knew him by his straw hat. It seemed sort of strange for a gentleman to be wearing a straw hat in winter."

"Yes, it does," Catharine said, and went downstairs. Catharine greeted the stranger somewhat coolly. She had suspicions of a book agent, although a second glance at the man before her rather dispelled this idea. He was shabby. He came to the point at once. "I want to paint your picture," he said. Catharine looked at him haughtily. "Why, I don't know you." Her voice had in it a note of anger, but he did not seem disturbed.

"I want to paint your picture," he repeated. "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

Catharine stood up. "You have not seen me long enough to call me beautiful."

"I have seen you many times," he said, "and last night as you came out and crossed the snowy pavement on the way to your motor, I was standing on the steps. You were wrapped in white furs and there were diamonds in your hair. I thought of the 'Snow Queen' about whom I used to read in my fairy books."

Catharine leaned toward him eagerly with interest. "I remember," she said, "but how cruel he was."

"Yes," he agreed, "yes; but your beauty—the wonderful white of the



now, the white of your furs—I want them on my canvas—I must have them."

But again Catharine repelled him haughtily. "I do not know you," she said.

His head went up. "I have no reputation," he admitted, "and I am poor and struggling for recognition, but I love my art. I know I am asking much, but no one will ever paint you better than I shall paint you."

"Of course I could not come alone," she said.

"I do not wish you to come; I have no studio. I want to paint you here."

His demand was made so quietly, with such perfect assurance that it would be granted, that again she gave in weakly. When he had gone, however, and she told at the table of the strange circumstance her mother exclaimed against the unconventionality, and her father spoke of the danger of admitting an unknown man to the house. Her cousin, Betty Barnes, however, who was spending the winter with her, thought it something of an adventure.

"It has been so deadly dull lately," she said, "just teas, receptions and things. Can we all come in and see him paint you, Catharine?"

"Of course you can," Catharine answered, "but he won't interest you, Betty. He is the shabbiest man you ever saw."

But as Catharine learned to know the painter she found that it was not poverty alone that made him wear a straw hat. So completely was he wrapped up in his art that he thought little of the things that rule the average man.

Gradually under his hand the picture was taking on great beauty.

While he painted he talked to her. He had been everywhere, seen everything. She listened, and when he left, wished that she might listen still.

It was when the picture was almost finished that the artist demanded something more of Catharine.

"Tomorrow," he said, "will be my last day here with you—it will be my last day of happiness."

She looked at him, her eyes shining, her cheeks flushed. "Why should it be your last day of happiness?" she asked.

"Because I must leave you," he told her.

For a moment they looked at each other and the eyes of the girl told the man something that he knew her lips would not utter. He took a quick step toward her, then stopped. "You would never marry me," he said, "even if I dared ask you. I have called my picture 'The Lady of the Frozen Heart.' It is not that you have no heart—but you are cold."

She caught her breath quickly. The look had died out of her eyes. "I am glad you know me so well," she said, and presently she left him and went away. He painted until dark came, and then sat there without the light, dreaming in the big chair near the fireplace.

Presently some one came in softly. It was Betty Barnes. She came over and looked at him. "I have found you out," she said slowly.

His eyes tried to pierce the dimness, as he laughed softly. "Oh, Betty Barnes," he said, "who told you?"

Betty touched the button and turned on the electric light. "Let me look at you," she said. She surveyed him while he smiled down at her. "It was your pointed beard and the tan that deceived me," she told him confidentially, as she settled herself in another big chair. "I had seen some one who looked like you, but it wasn't until yesterday that I traced the resemblance to the picture that hung over my brother's desk at college."

The artist nodded. "Yes, I poured tea for you the time that you came on to see Jack's room. I have been abroad since then and have learned to paint, and I fell in love with Catharine at the opera. I did not know a soul to present me to her. I did not dream that you were here, and I was bound that I would paint her picture."

So I made up my mind to come here in an eccentric costume, so that she might think that I was some dreamy artist whom she could admit because he fancied himself a genius and because she might help him to fame."

Betty laughed. "And now you are afraid to 'fess up,'" she said.

"Do you think she would ever forgive me?" she said, so distant, so cold so hard to touch.

"That shows how much you men know about it," Betty said, scornfully. "She is dead in love with you right this minute."

But he would not believe it. "There was a look in her eyes today that made me hope for a minute."

"It's a man's place to let a girl know that he cares."

But even wise little Betty did not know Catharine, for the lady of the frozen heart was in her room, dreaming with her eyes on her own little rhinoceros, the flames of which cast shadows over her thoughtful face.

"He loves me," she said to herself, "but he is poor and afraid to tell me." So a little later she crept down to him.

Betty had gone after an admonition. "Don't tell her how rich you are, at first," she said, "or it will spoil the romance for her."

As Catharine entered the room she found the man who loved her gazing at the picture he had painted. She crept up behind him softly. "I want you to paint another," she said.

He turned to her quickly. "Another picture?" he stammered.

"Yes," she said, "I want you to paint me as the 'Lady of Dreams.' I don't want any snow or ice or frozen things, but flowers and sunshine. You have made me a thing of ice and hardness—I want you to paint me as a woman who can love."

He stood silent before the beauty of her surrender. "Could you even love a gentleman in a straw hat?"

"I could love—you."

After a time, when they had said all the wonderful first things that lovers must tell, he explained his deception. "There was no necessity for the straw hat," he told her, "not for the shabby clothes." But he did not let her know that he was rich, he wanted first to paint her as his "Lady of Dreams" and to feel the happiness of the man who knows that not because of his position, not because of outward things, is he beloved, but because of his own true worth.

HIS WELCOME FOR PRODIGAL

Cowboy Would Have Reversed Proceedings as Recorded in the Scriptures.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey of the famous Denver juvenile court said in the course of a recent address in charity:

"Too many of us are inclined to think that, one misstep made, the boy is gone for good. Too many of us are like the cowboy.

"An itinerant preacher preached to a cowboy audience on the 'Prodigal Son.' He described the foolish prodigal's extravagance and dissipation; he described his penury and his husk-eating with the swine in the sty; he described his return, his father's loving welcome, the rejoicing, and the preparation of the fatted calf.

"The preacher in his discourse noticed a cowboy staring at him very hard. He thought he had made a convert, and addressing the cowboy personally, he said from the pulpit:

"My dear friend, what would you have done if you had had a prodigal son returning home like that?"

"Me!" said the cowboy, promptly and fiercely. "I'd have shot the boy and raised the calf!"—Detroit Free Press.

EPIDEMIC OF ITCH IN WELSH VILLAGE

"In Dowlais, South Wales, about fifteen years ago, families were stricken wholesale by a disease known as the itch. Believe me, it is the most terrible disease of its kind that I know of, as it itches all through your body and makes your life an inferno. Sleep is out of the question and you feel as if a million mosquitoes were attacking you at the same time. I knew a dozen families that were so affected.

"The doctors did their best, but their remedies were of no avail whatever. Then the families tried a druggist who was noted far and wide for his remarkable cures. People came to him from all parts of the country for treatment, but his medicine made matters still worse, as a last resort they were advised by a friend to use the Cuticura Remedies. I am glad to tell you that after a few days' treatment with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, the effect was wonderful and the result was a perfect cure in all cases.

"I may add that my three brothers, three sisters, myself and all our families have been users of the Cuticura Remedies for fifteen years. Thomas Hugh, 1650 West Huron St., Chicago, Ill., June 29, 1909."

DESERVED IT.



Rastus—Playin' poker hands las' night I accidentally threw five aces. Sambo—What did de oddsers do? Rastus—Threw me outer de window.

An Easy Fit.

A number of years ago there lived in northern New Hampshire a notorious woman-bater. It was before the day of ready-made clothing, and wanting a new suit, he was obliged to take the material to the village tailor. She took his measurements, and when she cut the coat, made a liberal allowance on each seam.

The man's dislike of women in general prevented his having a fitting. He took the finished garment without trying it on. It was much too large, and his disgust was apparent in the answer he made to the friendly loafer on his first visit to the post office, when he wore the deplorable article.

"Got a new coat, Obed?" said the loafer.

"No, I hain't," said Obed. "I've got seven yards of cloth wrapped round me."—Youth's Companion.

The Hens of the Cod.

There is just one other great cod bank in the world besides those off Newfoundland. It lies off Cape Agulhas, which is the southern tip of Africa, and south of the Cape of Good Hope. The Agulhas plateau is said to be almost a duplicate in size and richness of the north cod banks. But this is too far off, so there is little promise of its appeasing the hungry appetite of the world for cod.

Preachers have been telling the people that they are mean and selfish so often that they all believe it and practice it.

A crazy person thinks every one else is insane, and love is blind because it imagines everybody else is.

Value of the Old Carpet

Good Uses to Which the Leftover Pieces Can Be Put by the Thrifty Housewife.

The wise housewife knows the value of leftover pieces of carpet.

When a carpet gets too old for use and is taken up to be replaced by a better one, do not give it to the rag man. Of course it is foolish to keep more stuff of that sort around than you can possibly use, but there are many places where a bit of old carpet may be used to advantage.

In a kitchen with stone floors it will be a great comfort to the cook to have little rugs, which may be made of short strips of the carpet to use in the places where she will do any continuous standing. It is much less tiring to stand on carpet than on either stone floor or boards, and these strips, small enough to be shaken easily, and of small loss if things are dropped on them, are a practical thing.

There should always be a strip of carpet to put under the tubs and under the ironing board for the laundress to stand on. They may be easily pulled up and put out of sight afterward.

Often, too, the refrigerator is not ready to receive the ice, or there may be too much, and the best way to keep it for a few hours is to cover it with a newspaper and then wrap it in the indispensable old carpet which has first been thoroughly cleaned.

Another use for a strip about six feet long is for a "runner." In a household where there are children, or many persons coming in and out, this runner will save the carpet on a rainy day when it seems quite impossible for every one to wipe his feet thoroughly.

Yield of Almond Oil.

One hundred pounds of almonds yield 48 pounds of oil.

For Breakfast—

Post Toasties

with cream or milk

The smile that follows will last all day—

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Pgts. 10c and 25c.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Mountains of Thessaly

Olympus is perhaps the most interesting of all mountains, and it is at ways within sight of Saloniki, on the Turkish side of the classic Vale of Tempe, which lies along the boundary between the two countries and has each other with an everlasting and irreconcilable hatred. The Vale of Tempe has been famed for its beauty from the earliest times. In one of its glades once stood an altar to Apollo, to which the priests of the oracle of

Delphi sent an embassy to make sacrifice every eight years in expiation for the slaughter of the dragon Python, which the "Far Darter" Apollo slew five days after his birth in the island of Delos.

Mount Pelion is only a little more than half as high as Olympus, the latter rising 9,754 feet above the level of the sea, while Pelion is only 5,308 feet; but Pelion is much more attractive, because it lies directly along the

bay, with the waters washing its feet, and is cultivated almost to the very top. It is a long mountain, with a gradual slope, and on the side toward the sea 24 villages of whitewashed houses can be counted from the deck of the vessel, and they glisten like snow in the sun. They are scattered at various elevations, are connected with roads, which may be easily traced and are surrounded by fields, orchards and vineyards which produce abundant crops of corn and wine and

except for its association with mythological characters, and Shakespeare's famous lines, which are so often quoted. It rises 6,398 feet above sea level. It has a dome that is now covered with snow and is now the most prominent figure in a group of mountains which have been made famous by song and story.—Saloniki Letter to the Minneapolis Journal.

Behold the old smile on the face of the Oyster Bay popcorn man.

GIRL WINS A FARM

Philadelphia Draws 160 Acres on Indian Reservation.

Outdoor Life and Larger Freedom of Undeveloped Country Appear Pleasing in Contrast With Environments of City.

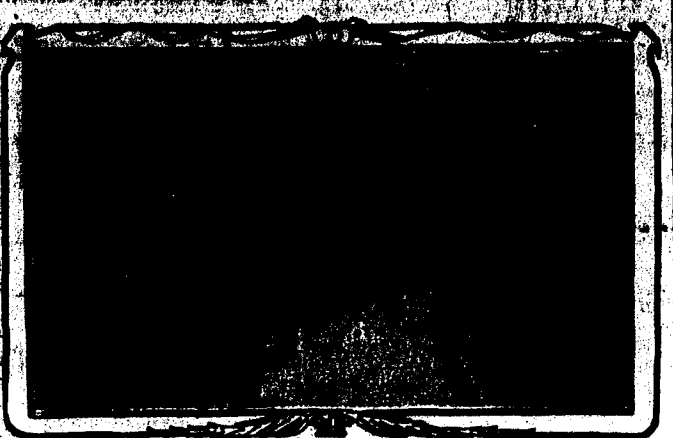
Spokane, Wash.—Miss Mary R. Bloomer of Philadelphia, who won a homestead of 160 acres in the Flathead Indian reservation in western Montana at the government lottery, has decided to become a farmer. She is now at Missoula with her mother and brother, and says her father living at Philadelphia, and brother, a resident of Seattle, will join them in a short time.

Miss Bloomer did not journey from Philadelphia to the Spokane country merely for the purpose of registering in the land drawings last year at Missoula, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene. In fact, when she left her eastern home for a visit in the Pacific country she did not know there was any such thing as a land drawing in progress. She had not even heard of the Flathead reservation, and Montana was to her not much more than a name convenient in identifying a huge portion of the great American desert—a vast, unmeasured hunting ground for gun toting cowpunchers, savage Indians and wild things.

But, while stopping on the way to visit relatives at Leavenworth, Wash., her uncle mentioned the big land opening, and then and there it was determined that she would stop at Missoula, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene, and register. This was done, and in course of time Miss Bloomer received notification from Uncle Sam that she should have 161 choice acres among the Flathead farms in Montana.

Evidently Miss Bloomer was happy

TEARING DOWN LEOPOLD'S BRIDGE



REMOVAL OF "THE LOVE BRIDGE"

RUSSELS.—The people of Belgium are pleased to note that one relic of the dissolute life of the late King Leopold has been removed. This was the so-called "Love Bridge," which connected his majesty's palace at Loeken with the residence of Baroness Vaughan, whom he married secretly shortly before his death. The bridge crossed a handsome thoroughfare and was an eyesore, in addition to being a reminder of Leopold's unworthy conduct.

In the prospect of becoming a farmer in the eastern part of the Spokane country, Missoula she thought to be the most progressive and attractive little city, and she seemed to appreciate at its full value the exquisite beauty of its surroundings. She is impressed with the activity and optimism of the people and believes she will become as much attached to the west as she was to her home city.

"There is much to attract one in the northwest," she said, when asked why she left the east. "The outdoor life and the larger freedom and more vigorous atmosphere in this land of magnificent distances and opportunities possess a fascination that few can resist, and I believe I will become a full fledged westerner in a short time. It is true I am what you would call a 'tenderfoot,' and I do not know

a thing about farming, setting a hen or milking a cow, but I am going to learn, and I feel I shall 'make good' with the best of them."

Miss Frances L. Loosmore of Hillary, a suburb of Spokane, who had 357th choice, filed on 81 acres, which, she says she will put into grain and fruit.

Old Hiding Place Safer.

Bristol, Tenn.—After hiding \$1,000 in \$20 gold pieces for 50 years at different spots on his premises, John Hopper of Washington county, Virginia, two weeks ago secreted the yellow coin under the kitchen of his home. When he went to get the money the other day, to count it, he found it missing. There is no clue to the thief.

He was selling for \$1.25 a pound, offers of 80 to 90 cents per pound were made for guayule rubber.

It is the purpose of the guayule rubber combine to demand an equalization of the prices, which will place their product on a parity with that obtained from the rubber tree.

Presentiment Halts Hymen.

Allentown, Pa.—Through a mother's premonition, the elopement of Miss Julia Cutler, seventeen years old, of Lansford, and Michael Daniels of this city, was frustrated.

The girl came to Allentown some time ago to work, and falling in love with a man ten years her senior, made all arrangements for her wedding, even buying her trousseau. The couple had planned to get married the other night. The mother, however, having some premonition, came on during the day and after rigid cross-examination, the daughter divulged her plans.

The mother objected violently, and with the aid of a policeman, took the daughter home, trousseau and all.

Will Make Spooning Legal

Asbury Park Police to Show Much Tolerance and Allow Flirting Within Reason.

Asbury Park, N. J.—Oh, joy! "Spooning" is to be permitted at Asbury Park this summer, and flirting is to be tolerated within reasonable limits. This will be good news for the boys and girls who summer at that resort and who have heretofore found the restrictions irksome. Chief of Police Smith has said it. If a man flirts with a woman, the man will not be arrested if the woman reciprocates his advances.

Of course the police will interfere if they find any man forcing his attentions on a girl who does not desire his acquaintance. But the guardians of the peace positively will not interfere if any fair maiden takes the initiative and persists in flirting with a man. Smith figures that the men are

able to take care of themselves in such emergencies, and he will take no action unless called upon by the man who is thus offended, or would you say honoring and complimented?

The police chief's statement is tempered with a warning. Girls who flirt are to take all the responsibility to themselves.

"Spooning" will not be interfered with if done in dark places away from the public gaze. Smith says there are sufficient number of corners along the beach to accommodate all the spooners summering at Asbury Park and that "spooners" will not be molested if they keep out of public gaze and off the board walk.

The police chief says also that he and his men will be more lenient in the matter of bathing suits.

DICTIONARY FOR THE BLIND

Sightless Wizard is Author of Most Wonderful Book—Printed in Braille Type.

Vienna.—A notable achievement for the benefit of the blind is the first French-German dictionary printed in Braille type. This work demanded an extraordinary amount of minute and laborious precision, and was carried out by Herr Karl Satznerhofer, who is himself blind, at the printing works of the Vienna Institute for the Education of the Blind.

It is the well known Lagescheider dictionary which has been put into Braille type. The main difficulty was that in order to economize space the work had to be printed in what is known as the abbreviated type, which in France is different from the system followed in Germany, and called for an intimate knowledge of both systems on the part of the translator.

It Wasn't.

The telephone call of a suite of apartments in a ladies' boarding house is 190. One young lady, a recent comer, answered the call and was astonished to hear a man's voice inquire hurriedly, "Is this one nine or?" When she could catch her breath, the lady who was a very proper young lady indeed, replied, "I think not. Were we ever introduced?"

THE ONLOOKER

WILLIAM D. HENRY

The Hip-Hip-Hoo-Rah-Tamus



Oh, children, during the campaign, when the voter's ardor wanes, there comes a burst of thunder sound that sends a shiver down the spine and awakes a potent, mystic spell. With one upsurging, piercing yell, you've heard it! Yes, in dead of night the sound that filled you with affright. He not alarmed at all the fuss—'Tis the Hip-Hip-Hoo-Rah-Tamus.

Be calm, my child. Come to my side. Come see this being blinding-eyed. With frenzied voice and raucous throat that bellows forth the fearsome note. The sound that filled you with affright. That mingles to its soothing dam, acquainted with it, you will find its strength entirely runs to wind. Back to its roars continuous—'Tis the Hip-Hip-Hoo-Rah-Tamus.

You will hear it at the baseball game. When the ball is struck, the crowd of one who bravely dares the worst. And violently slides to first. You hear it when the hero comes home from the wars to throb of drums. And blare of trumpets—ere he knows the quickness with which glory goes. Its task is to thunder thus—The loud Hip-Hip-Hoo-Rah-Tamus.

Fear not, wee ones. When it grows hoarse its singing will lose their force. And it will feed on brown jubilee. To heal its aching bronchial tubes. Until it finds its voice, and then it will sing to you with might and main. Oftentimes it finds it hard to tell what reason there is for its yell. Oh, child, no harm can come to us from the Hip-Hip-Hoo-Rah-Tamus.

A Tip.

The person with the long hair and the flowing necktie sits at the table and reads and rereads a typewritten note.

Finally he turns to the waiter who has brought his luncheon and says: "Can't help feeling happy today, my man. Just got a note from an editor accepting the first poem I have ever sold."

"Yes, sir," says the deferential waiter. "Makes a man feel joyful—more than joyful. I can't describe the strange thrill of exultation that possesses me."

"Yes, sir? Something, I should presume to say, like a pussen feels when he gets his first tip?"

Why, Then?

"Did you finish your shopping today, my dear?" asks the model husband.

"Yes, I think so," answers the trusting wife.

"You think so?"

"Yes, I don't know, though. You see, I went to get my hat, and there



were so many, and all of them so pretty, that I got five of them."

"Five? Why did you do that?"

"I—really, I must have lost my head."

"In that case, why get a hat at all?"

Some Consolation.

"But," says the devoted wife, "I cannot understand why you need be so fearfully jealous of Mr. Other-bow."

"Well, why doesn't he stop paying attentions to you, now that we are married?" asks the husband. "It's enough to make me jealous."

"But, my dear, he was just as jealous of you before I married you."

In Yu Goode Olde Dayes.

"Nay, nay, sweete maydes," quoth ye tyzidde manne, "I feare me thys ye not a goodlie thing to do—to goe to ye church fayre of whych ye speak, and there hazard my fortunes upon ye raffles and grabbe bagges and other games of chance—"

"Lyxtenne to ye manne," was the merrie comment of ye maydes. "As if there were anio chance aboute ye games!"

Eftsoones he found that they spoke ryghte trulle.

An Unfriendly Financier.

"No doubt," we say to the man who has begun taking flyers in stocks, "by this time you have become so used to large deals that you can talk of millions as if they were hundreds."

"Yes," he confides, "and I've got so used to the markets that I can win hundreds with more joy than if they were the millions I talk about."

The Desire for Fame.

"Dere goes Mickey Glinnig in de patrol wagon again. Dat's de fourt' time he's been plucked dis week."

"Geel! Some boys is born lucky."

For Needs of Humanity

By R. L. Palmer, Layman Houston, Texas

Any movement of any character has ever attained great proportions or held an important place in the history of human activities unless it was founded upon the needs of humanity and had for its objective the improvement of conditions under which mankind lives.

Some of these movements have been along the lines of scientific research, and had for their purpose the gaining of greater knowledge, by which the human race should be benefited. Some have been political movements to give to mankind a more perfect system of government. From the days of Martin Luther down to the present time there have been various movements of a religious nature which have had for their purpose the correction of improper conditions and the raising of mankind to a higher plane of spiritual life. But whatever has been the character of the movement, each one which has attained success has been founded upon some human need, and has been successful only in the measure in which it satisfied that need. The laymen's missionary movement is destined to be successful and to occupy a prominent place in the history of the church because its only purpose is to supply a human need, and because it has adopted proper methods for accomplishing its purpose.

The work of the laymen's movement is not revolutionary in its nature. We do not propose to do a new work, but to take a new hold upon the old task and do it right.

Perhaps you think the work of the church has been well done all the time, but if you think thus, it is because you are uninformed, and the first work which the laymen's movement purposes to do is to inform you.

We are at present engaged in a great campaign of education throughout the whole land. It is our purpose to give to every man in the church a thorough knowledge of conditions.

We confidently believe that information is the only thing wherein the church is lacking.

We believe that churchmen have the love of Christ in their hearts, and the desire, the intelligence, the energy and the means to do the work which Christ began.

For he only began the work—no more—and then as a sublime evidence of his faith in his followers. He entrusted the completion of the task for which he gave his life to frail humanity.

When Christ's work ended man's work began. From time immemorial, mission work has been left to the preachers and the women.

The men of the church have felt that their full duty was done when they had contributed to the support of their local church, and perhaps shared in the administration of its temporal affairs. The laymen's movement exists today for the sole purpose of discharging men—of awakening them and arousing them to a sense of their full duty as the sons of God.

We have been too prone to think of our duty to the unevangelized people of the world as a collective duty—the duty of the church as a body. If the world is to be evangelized within the present generation, it will be done only after we have come to realize that we have a personal duty and a personal responsibility in connection with the salvation of mankind.

But you ask, how can I apply my individual efforts to the work? You may study, pray, give and serve.

Study that you may know the need, pray that God may bless your efforts. The efforts of others to supply the need, give that those who are devoting their lives to the work may have the means to carry it on, and serve in whatever place God may find for you to do a service, no matter how humble and unimportant it may seem.

Yes, you admit that you have not given much time to study and to prayer, but you assert that you have given to the support of missions for years. That's a fact. The statistics of the church show that we have been giving to missions, but how much have we given? The Protestant churches of America have in recent years given on an average the sum of 42 cents per member each year to this cause.

Forty-two cents! If you have given more than that, you have given more than the average. Forty-two cents to carry salvation to those who dwell in darkness! And then we sing, "Will there be any stars in my crown?"

Brother, do you want a 40-cent star in your crown? It is really surprising to note how many churchmen there are who devote themselves with great energy to temporal affairs and yet cannot be induced to undertake even a small part of the Lord's work.

Can it be that there is such a thing as a spiritual work-week? If there is, the men of our churches "have it bad."

The unmistakable symptom of the work-week, as I am told, is "an aptitude for continuous resting."

One Result of Trust.

One of the commands of Christ that we must need, yet too often forget, is "Be not anxious." This is equivalent to, "Fret not"—"do not worry." He tells us why we should not worry. It is because our Heavenly Father knows all our needs. He that feeds the birds and gives to the flowers their beauty will not neglect to care for his children. Worry distracts and dishonors him, as well as deprives our own life of sunshine. It weakens us and impairs the quality of our work. "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." We are heirs of God and joint heirs of Christ. All things are ours. "Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice." We are made for trust and for happiness. The heart that is sure of God does not worry.

Double the Wheat Yield of Your Land

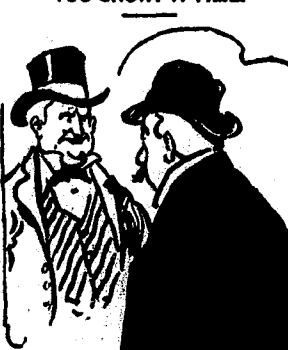
Crop rotation and good tillage will not do it all. You need fertilizer—need Armour's. In order to secure a proper return on the investment in your land you MUST increase the yield per acre.

Armour's Fertilizers

for wheat have a record of always producing the heaviest yield. Use them this Fall—Grow more wheat—Make more money. Ask your dealer.

Armour Fertilizer Works, Chicago

TOO SHORT A TIME.



Wise—Why did that woman's club disband? Sharp—The majority adopted a resolution limiting the time of each member for speaking on any topic to two hours.

Try This, This Summer. The very next time you're hot, tired or thirsty, step up to a soda fountain and get a glass of Coca-Cola. It will cool you off, relieve your bodily and mental fatigue and quench your thirst delightfully. At soda fountains or carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Delicious, refreshing and wholesome. Send to the Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga., for their free booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola." Tells what Coca-Cola is and why it is so delicious, refreshing and thirst-quenching. And send 2c stamp for the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910—contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities.

Diagnosis. "Do you see that man going along with his head in the air, sniffing with his nose?"

"Yes, I know him."

"I suppose he believes in taking in the good, pure ozone."

"No; he's hunting for a motor garage, I believe."—Tit-Bits.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over 80 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Dreamer. "You say your boy Josh is a dreamer?" said the literary lady. "Does he write poetry or romances?"

"Oh," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "he don't write anything. But he jest natcherally refuses to get up till 9 o'clock."

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive. About the size of your shoe, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Paste, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoe. It cures Blisters, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere. No sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A thick head is apt to generate a multitude of thin ideas.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It's easier to get on in the world than it is to get up in it.

She's a Free Lance. "Would you have a pickpocket arrested if you detected one in the act of going through your pockets?" "With one exception." "What's that?" "Not if it was my wife."

Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Trouble. You Will Like Murine. All Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Remember, girls, that plucking a \$17 hat on a 17 cent head doesn't increase the value of the head.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are

small, gentle, and reliable. They give relief to the constipated, the bilious, the nervous, the indigestible, the sick, the weak, the old, the young, the male, the female. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine—Watch Signature.

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GRAYLING ADVISOR.

A. M. LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.

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Postpaid.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, JULY 26

Home Circle Department

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

The Kind of a Girl for Us.

The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked bounding lass, who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, milk cows, wrestle with the boys, and be a lady withal in company is just the sort of girl for us, and for any worthy man to marry. But you, ye pining, moaning, mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion, and idleness you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, dear girls, you want more liberty and less fashionable restraints more kitchen and less parlor, more leg exercise and less sofa, more pudding less piano, more frankness and less mock modesty, more breakfast and less bustle. Loose yourselves a little, enjoy more liberty and less restraint by fashion, breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom, and become something as lovely and beautiful as the God of nature designed.

Next to the wife beater comes the horse beater and it is to be regretted we have one or two in this community. A horse is the most noble and faithful of animals and the man who would abuse his horse has something lacking in his manhood.

This is just the right size town to settle down in and enjoy life. Everything for the comfort of life can be bought here and \$10 will go as far as \$25 will in the large cities. When you want to leave the farm, come to our town and build a nice comfortable home and be among the best people in the world.

Nearly everyone of us is figuring on having a fine time just ahead when we get all fixed, and this vision is just ahead of us when we fall asleep. To live in the now and enjoy the present is the work of a philosopher.

We would like to make a protest against some of our young ladies concealing a very pretty forehead behind a lot of loose hair. It may be fashion—but hang fashion if it is going to damage the looks of a pretty girl or woman. A fine forehead is something to be proud of and we cannot spend so much time and waste so much ingenuity trying to make it appear that the Almighty had made them as destitute of forehead as an Indian.

We are not given to boasting but we are proud of the farmer boys of this vicinity. They are, with rare exceptions, a healthy, intelligent and happy class of young men. We feel like taking our hat clear off when we meet them upon our streets, and no class is more welcomed to our office.

Too many boys leave the farm where they would have made substantial and good citizens, and go to the city where only one in a thousand succeed in life's battle. There are farmers who fairly drive their boys away. There is no excuse for this. The farmer boy is entitled to his vacations, to several relaxations, his visits to the city, good books, magazines, and his home paper. To the observed one it is plain to be seen that the old farm is the best place in the world for the average young man and never fails to bring a happier and more useful life than the city. Young men, you will till the soil and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow, we are proud of you; our latchstring is always out to you and you will always have a friend in this paper. Come and see us and give us the news from your neighborhood.

It does not cost so very much to own a home in our city. Lots, splendidly located and of ample size, can be purchased for little money, while building lots sell at less than value. Building material is as reasonable here as at other points. Able architects and contractors are ready to satisfy every demand, hence to own a home is within the range of possibility, no matter how meager the salary or limited the means. If a man is honest, upright, and displays a willingness to help himself, there are people here many who will give him whatever help is needed, so long as it be within the bounds of reason.

Farmers as a rule are kind-hearted and sympathetic and abuse of the beasts of burden is something rarely witnessed in the country. In the cities are often seen horses, after being driven, tied to a post, exposed to wintry winds and cruelly neglected. Societies exist for the prevention of cruelty to animals in one form or another, and the duty of the village marshal is to see that care for neglected animals is taken.

HER LOSS A GAIN

By GEORGE WEYMOUTH

It was against the rule of the house, and contrary to business custom, that she should have been a part of the great business machine, she is not a piece of machinery.

Of course he didn't mean anything by it. Every three months he came home from his business trip, full of enthusiasm and glad to see everybody in the firm. If he held Marcella's hand with a lingering pressure, and looked at her until she blushed, it was only his way. If he gave her a flower and leaned a minute over her desk, saying commonplace with his tongue and wonderful and mysteriously eloquent things with his eyes—why, it meant nothing. It was only the way of him.

But poor Marcella, part of the machine and yet not a piece of machinery, treasured the flower, remembered the pressure of the hand, and interpreted the message of the eloquent eyes in her dreams.

Which was against the rules of the house and contrary to all the sound ethics of business.

Then there came the day of the awful explosion. He had just come in from the road and there was trouble about his expense account.

"We can't stand for it, Mr. Jerome," said the head, angrily.

And because Jerome was young and foolish and didn't know how important the head was, and perhaps also because he traveled much in the west where men are free, there was a flippancy reply that grated on the awful dignity of the big man of business, and the first thing Marcella knew there was a beautiful row on hand.

The head proposed to kick the salesman out of the office, and the salesman landed his resignation with a stiff upturn on the adamant cheek of the sacred head.

Many men came running to the help of the mighty one, but the salesman strode out with quivering nostrils and glaring eyes, and no man dared to lay a hand upon him.

He looked about the office defiantly, and then when his eyes fell upon Marcella they softened. He came and leaned over her desk.

"Well, little girl," he said, "I've left the firm. I won't see you any more, will I?"

"I'm sorry—that you've left the firm," murmured Marcella.

"You're the only thing in the firm that I hate to leave, little girl—and I guess the town's not so big but I'll find you again."

And he said other things, putting into words the tender messages that his eyes only had spoken until now.

And Marcella blushed and trembled, and could say nothing, though perhaps the one little look she gave him was not without its meaning.

All of which was a flagrant violation of the rules of the house, and against the Median laws of sound business. But Marcella was too dazed and happy to care. Really, she was glad that she wasn't a piece of machinery on this great day, but just a girl with a heart and a soul.

It might have been 4 o'clock that afternoon when the boy came with a package for Marcella. Without thinking, she opened it—a dozen long stemmed American beauties, and on the card that nestled among the blossoms she read: "James Fleming Jerome, with the Consolidated company."

Now, the Consolidated was the hated rival of Marcella's company. But she did not think of that. She just rejoiced in her heart because Mr. Jerome had found another position so soon.

Before Marcella could hide the flowers and the card she knew that some one was looking over her shoulder, and she dared not turn back to see who it was. But some instinct told her it was the head himself.

A moment later, when he moved around in front of her, she knew that it really was the head, and that his eyes were cold with anger and the bruised place on his cheek, where the resignation had landed, stood out pitifully prominent.

"You will send those flowers back," said he, wistfully, "and you will write that no employee of this house receives any gifts from ruffians."

"Indeed, I will not," said Marcella. She was so indignant that she forgot to be afraid of the head.

"Then you will go to the cashier and get your week's pay—this minute," he snapped. "And you need not refer to us when you want another position."

When Marcella found herself on the street with her week's salary in one hand and the roses in the other hand, she still was too indignant to be sorry that she had lost her job.

She was walking along one of the principal streets when she ran into Mr. Jerome. In spite of her efforts to be brave there were tears in her eyes before she had finished telling him what had happened. After all, she just was a girl—and not a piece of machinery.

"Never mind, little girl, never mind," he said, tenderly. "I've got the Chicago territory with the Consolidated, and my salary is 40 per cent. more than it was. We'll be married tomorrow, or the next day—the first minute you're ready. And I think that the best thing that ever happened was when we both got discharged without a recommendation—don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Marcella.

Prison Conditions Bettered.

One effective result of the suffragette invasion of Holloway jail in England and the constant complaints of the "votes for women" prisoners as to their treatment there, is a new scheme which has just been framed by the home office. In future women prisoners between the ages of 18 and 23 will be separated from hardened criminals and will receive lessons in sewing and dressmaking. A committee of ladies will also visit them to obtain suggestions when their sentences have been served.

Waterproof Paper.

Japanese waterproof paper is made of fibers of bamboo and cactus mixed with fibers of the amari and othar shrubs. The fibers are torn apart, dried, cleansed, scraped, boiled in weak dye and washed with water. They are then beaten and mixed with a viscous infusion of certain roots and a solution containing camphor, caoutchouc and resin. The sheets formed from this pulp are calendered at various temperatures. The paper is light, washable and very difficult to tear. It is used to imitate leather and India rubber and for a great many other purposes.

Wonderful Human Ear.

Wonderful as are the functions of the eye, the ear appears to be a yet more marvelous instrument. People with good hearing do not appreciate the inexplicable delicacy of the little instrument that nature has implanted on each side of their heads. But anatomists appreciate without being able to understand it. There is hardly any trouble with the eye that they cannot adjust, but not so with the ear. When its fairy mechanism is jangled and out of tune it is often impossible to restore its functions. It is the greatest mystery of the human organism.

How Far Can You See?

What is the farthest limit to which the human vision can reach? Power in his book, "The Eye and Sight," gives the ability to see the star, Alcor, situated at the tail of the Great Bear, as the test. Indeed, the Arabs call it the Test star. It is most noticeable to be able to see Jupiter's satellites with the naked eye, though one or two cases are recorded, the third satellite being the most distinct. Peruvians are said to be the longest sighted race on earth. Humboldt records a case where these Indians perceived a human figure 18 miles away, being able to recognize that it was human and clad in white. This is probably the record for far sight.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the village of Grayling in said county, on the fifth day of July A. D. 1910.

Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Charles F. Kelley, deceased.

Frank E. Ives having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered, That the 9th day of August, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Wellington Batterson, July 7-10
Judge of Probate.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the village of Grayling in said county, on the fifth day of July A. D. 1910.

Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Joseph J. Douglas, deceased.

Charles H. Douglas having filed in said court his petition praying that a certain instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, now on file in said court be admitted to probate, and that the administration of said estate be granted to Emma Charlotte Douglas or some other suitable person.

It is Ordered, That the first day of August A. D. 1910, at seven o'clock in the afternoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Wellington Batterson, July 7-10
Judge of Probate.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the village of Grayling in said county, on the fifth day of July A. D. 1910.

Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Matilda Moon and Flora Moon, minors.

Henry E. Moon having filed in said court his petition praying that he, Henry E. Moon be appointed guardian of said minors.

It is Ordered, That the 22nd day of August A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said minors appear at said time and place, to show cause why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Wellington Batterson, July 28-31
Judge of Probate.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the village of Grayling, in said county, on the 25th day of July, A. D. 1910.

Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Matilda Moon and Flora Moon, minors.

Henry E. Moon having filed in said court his petition praying that he, Henry E. Moon be appointed guardian of said minors.

It is Ordered, That the 22nd day of August A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said minors appear at said time and place, to show cause why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Wellington Batterson, July 28-31
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WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Wellington Batterson, July 28-31
Judge of Probate.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the village of Grayling, in said county, on the 25th day of July, A. D. 1910.

Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Matilda Moon and Flora Moon, minors.

Henry E. Moon having filed in said court his petition praying that he, Henry E. Moon be appointed guardian of said minors.

It is Ordered, That the 22nd day of August A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said minors appear at said time and place, to show cause why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Wellington Batterson, July 28-31
Judge of Probate.

Painting, Graining, Decorating

Paper Hanging a Specialty

We carry a full line of Samples of Wall Paper that will be shown on request. Estimates furnished on application. Your own material used when desired.

Anyone wanting work done will call on or address

O.K. House Painting Co.

E. Stacey, District Manager, Grayling, Mich.

Sunday Excursions

AT LOW FARES TO CERTAIN POINTS ON THE Michigan Central

Good going and returning only on Sunday, date of sale, on regular trains scheduled to reach original starting point on return trip at or prior to midnight of date of sale.

Ask the Agent For Complete Information

July 7-10

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the village of Grayling in said county, on the fifth day of July A. D. 1910.

Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Charles F. Kelley, deceased.

Frank E. Ives having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered, That the 9th day of August, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Wellington Batterson, July 7-10
Judge of Probate.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the village of Grayling in said county, on the fifth day of July A. D. 1910.

Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Joseph J. Douglas, deceased.

Charles H. Douglas having filed in said court his petition praying that a certain instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, now on file in said court be admitted to probate, and that the administration of said estate be granted to Emma Charlotte Douglas or some other suitable person.

It is Ordered, That the first day of August A. D. 1910, at seven o'clock in the afternoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Wellington Batterson, July 7-10
Judge of Probate.

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Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

Crowford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, JULY 26

Local and Neighboring News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year in advance. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday noon, and cannot be considered later.

Dwelling houses and corner store building for sale.—L. Fournier. 131f.

Let me quote you a price on Royal or Asbestos Roofing, put on. F. R. Decker.

Fred Mann, Photographer, of Roscommon was in town shaking hands with friends.

Beech and Maple Block Wood for furnaces. Leave orders with SALLING, HANSON COMPANY.

J. H. Wingard and Victor Salling went to Charlevoix last week for a couple of days on business.

Fine Bathroom Outfit in display window No. 400 Cedar street.—F. R. Decker.

Peter Aebli was very sick last week but is improving so that he is again seen at our office.

Ten acres of land containing three houses, on south side for sale cheap for cash. Enquire at this office.

Mrs. H. W. Harrington and daughter Ruth are spending a few weeks with relatives at Grand Marais, Mich.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets gently stimulate the liver and bowels to expell poisonous matter, cleanse the system, cure constipation and sick headache. Sold by all dealers.

Rev. Fr. Weibeler of Cheboygan was a welcome guest at St. Mary's rectory visiting Rev. Fr. Riess for a few days this week.

For plastering and other mason work and estimates of work in my line, call or address Wm. Fairbotham, Grayling, Mich. 13-1f.

Mrs. Wm. Mathews returned from Liberty Center, Henry County, Ohio, where she has been on a two weeks visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Hanchett.

Soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, is quickly relieved by the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment is equally valuable for muscular rheumatism and other affords quick relief. Sold by all dealers.

We hear that the M. & N. E. R. R. are making plans for a good brick depot. The dimension to be 40x160 ft. We hope that this is true, as it will be a fine structure for this city and also a convenience to the traveling public.

The world's most successful medicine for bowel complaints is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It has relieved more pain and suffering, and saved more lives than any other medicine in use. Invaluable for children and adults. Sold by all dealers.

The Lady Macabees will have an open meeting Friday, July 29th in their hall, Lady Harris of Gaylord will talk on the new rates and different schedules of the order. Sir Knights or any one interested are cordially invited.

Teething children have more or less diarrhoea, which can be controlled by giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All that is necessary is to give the prescribed dose after each operation of the bowels more than natural and then castor oil to cleanse the system. It is safe and sure. Sold by all dealers.

MARRIED.—On July 26, 1910, Mr. Pemou Lietz and Miss Clara Gross, both of this place, were married at St. Mary's Church by Rev. John J. Riess. They left on the midnight train for AuSable, and from thence they go out east to spend a few weeks.

The Bell coffees are always good. If you have not tried the Bell Southern coffee at 25 cents a pound, you have not tasted the best coffee for the price. There is one what is possible to do to save its strength and flavor and it is packed in 1 lb. tin cans. Salling Hanson Co.

Claude Martin, who will be well remembered as a Grayling boy, but whose family moved to Washington a few years ago, is the guest of Ray Amidon, while visiting the rest of his former mates here. He is a Junior in Hilldale College, and is making good, as is expected of all our boys.

When the stomach fails to perform its functions, the bowels become deranged, the liver and the kidneys congested causing numerous diseases. The stomach and liver must be restored to a healthy condition and Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets can be depended upon to do it. Easy to take and most effective. Sold by all dealers.

County Clerk J. J. Colten with his wife and Ralph and Mary, and his sister, Mrs. Emma Hauk, of Elyria, Ohio, and Mrs. Colten's brother Adelbert and his wife and two children, of Detroit, visit with her sister, Mrs. Lizzie Foley and family in Oscoda county, last week, leaving here with two boats Friday morning, and camping at the mouth of the South Branch that night and reaching the farm the next noon. All are delighted with the trip, as it is one of superior scenic beauty. They report Mr. Foley more prosperous than ever on his river bottom farm. This section is getting there.

Miss Nell, Saturday and Sunday, between Grayling and Bay City.

Born.—Wednesday, July, 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Taylor, a daughter.

ESTRAYED.—Small pony, formerly owned by M. A. Bates. Please notify John Kelly.

The sofa pillow for sale by the ladies of the G. A. R. can be seen this week in the show case of the store of Salling, Hanson Co.

A bunch of stray cattle is annoying the neighborhood of John A. Johnson, near Grayling. Owner would better look them up, to avoid cost.

O. Palmer and wife with W. W. Palmer and their niece, Miss Ruth Barlow, attended the meeting of the N. E. M. Press Association at Cheboygan this week.

John T. Winship, of Saginaw, formerly editor of the Saginaw News, will be the democratic candidate for United States senator to succeed Julius C. Burrows.

Ye Editor with his wife and daughter, Ruth, returned from a delightful weeks outing, Monday, with friends at Warran and Ann Arbor, and a two days stop at Niagara Falls.

FOR SALE.—Stock, fixtures and business of millinery store, two doors from Post Office at a bargain. The only exclusive millinery store in Grayling. Good reasons for selling. Mrs. J. E. Crowley.

Mrs. Edward Boddy of Kenosha, Wis., is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Taylor. She is greatly surprised at the improvements in this city. No wonder that her son, Alvin is happy.

According to figures, just compiled, the population of Michigan prisons is divided as follows: Jackson, 734, Ionia 531; Marquette, 303; Detroit, house of correction, 308; industrial school for boys, at Lansing, 500; school for girls at Adrian, 486; total 2,918.

As said by an Iowa gentleman who owns a 2,000 acre farm in Montgomery county: "I find it easier to raise more grain, fruit, vegetables and stock, on one acre of \$10.00 land in Northeastern Michigan, than on two acres of \$70.00 land in Iowa." (Otago County Herald and Times.

The crop report for July issued by the state secretary shows that the wheat crop is generally a good one, and the quality first class. All spring crops are reported as good, but owing to frosts and other unfavorable conditions in the spring, there will not be more than one-third of a crop of fruit.

Next Saturday evening 7:30 Dr. Wm. B. Collins will give his lecture, "My trip to California," in the M. E. Church. Admission, Children 10 cents Adults 15 cents. After the lecture the four Quarterly Conference will be held. All the members of that Conference are respectfully requested to be present, and all who have reports to make, be prepared to make them in writing.

The cigarette fiend is being hit hard upon all sides in the business world. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad company has announced that every employee found smoking cigarettes will be discharged. They have ascertained to their satisfaction that the cigarette fiend cannot, nor does not perform his duties in as satisfactory a manner as does the other fellow. This is poor encouragement for some of our boys.

Claude Martin, who now has the title of Rev. Martin, is shaking hands with his many friends here for a few days. He will be remembered here as one of our best boys during his school days. The family leaving here before he graduated, from our High, he decided to finish in the Seattle High School, then returning to Albion, Mich., where he finished a two year course. He will now finish the A. B. Degree at the University at Washington. His home is now in Cambria, Mich. He says, "Old Grayling sure does look good to me. I have been in many cities and towns since leaving and no place has seemed to satisfy like dear old Grayling. I think the farther we get from the good things of life the "gooder" they seem. The town is changed, prosperity is on every hand, but the hills and the old AuSable are the same for which I am glad. I owe much to the influence of a clean town. Claude is like a good many of the Grayling boys who start out, if lined up they would be found as successful business men, always welcome here.

A log train on the Haakwood division of the Michigan Central line, was derailed last evening near Wolverine, and one man whose identity is unknown was reported to have been killed, and E. H. Spencer, conductor, and M. F. Schaffer, brakeman, seriously injured, both of the latter being residents of this city. All three were riding in the caboose when it left the track. The man killed was employed in a lumber camp and was riding to Wolverine to spend Sunday. His home is thought to be in Battle Creek. Conductor Spencer is reported to have sustained a broken leg and brakeman Schaffer was severely bruised and shaken up. The latter two will be brought to the city on this morning's train. A log rolling off a loaded car, is said to have caused the derailment, several of the tall end cars including the caboose, leaving the tracks. In some manner the log was forced through the side of the caboose, which inflicted the injuries to the men inside, the three being the only occupants of the car.—Bay City Tribune.

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Again found south to old Home Land.

Thousands of American settlers find Canadian farms most satisfactory.

Don't like the weather nor the Canadian folk.

Few Varieties of Crops can be raised and Freight rates are high.

The tide of home seekers to Canada which has been the subject of great concern to the administrators of public domain for the past few years, has turned, in the opinion of officials of the reclamation service. Thousands have returned and a great many more are expected soon.

Clarence J. Blanchard, statistician of the reclamation service, who is in the field inspecting irrigation projects reports to the headquarters in Washington that he has interviewed a great number of settlers in Montana who had tried the Canadian experiment, but were glad to return home. They stated that practically every American farmer in the neighborhood of Alberta, where the Canadian government maintains an irrigation project, was anxious to get back if he could sell his holdings in the dominion.

The American settlers were dissatisfied with the character of the land, the crops from which, they insisted, consisted chiefly of alfalfa and such hardy grains as winter wheat and even these were not sure. The form of government did not appeal to them and they considered the railroad freight rates exorbitant. The climate also was a source of dissatisfaction, ice and snow in August and September of last year adding to their discontent.

During the last eight months, it was said at the reclamation service today, 15,000 settlers have returned to the states from Canada and the prospects for a general backward movement was bright.

The next to the last paragraph in the above explains the entire proposition. People in Northeastern Michigan fail to remember the wonderful diversity of crops and the general conditions which we have which are not subject to the drawbacks of many much advertised sections. Of course in the advertisements these drawbacks are not mentioned and it is only after a settler has invested his money for the lands that the adverse conditions become known.

Our "Devil's" Trip to Manistee.

The train left for Manistee about 7:15 Sunday morning with a goodly number of people from this city. More would have went, but it was somewhat rainy here. The ride was somewhat tiresome to those who went, but upon arriving we found good weather there. The "Beat Band" led us to the Briny Inn Hotel the most popular of that place, where we received a hearty welcome and a good feast. After dinner we were escorted around town by some of the citizens who showed us that we were welcome. About 2:30 we left for the ball park at Orchard Beach on the electric line with the band along. The game was called at 3 o'clock between Records of Manistee and "Our Boys." We could not say that it was a good game, because it was too much one sided. Manistee taking the honors. The score being 10 to 3. We then left Orchard Beach for supper, returning then to our train, each and every one declaring that they had a good time.

Those Pies of Boyhood.

How delicious were the pies of boyhood. No pies now ever taste so good, what's changed? The pie? No. Its you. You've lost the strong, healthy stomach, the vigorous liver, the active kidneys, the regular bowels of boyhood. Your digestion is poor and you blame the food. What's needed? A complete toning up by Electric Bitters of all organs of digestion—Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels—Try them. They'll restore your boyhood appetite and appreciation of food and fairly saturate your body with new health, strength and vigor. 50c at A. M. Lewis & Co.

The fiercest wind and hail storm ever known in Ogemaw county, prevailed for about 40 minutes Thursday afternoon. The farmers in Churchill and Logan townships have lost practically all their spring crops. Barns were blown down and houses were badly wrecked. The grain, which was just ready to cut, is all down and broken, the heads being pelted into the earth by the hail. Field after field haven't even a stock standing, so severe was the storm. Several people were injured, but none fatally.—Bay City Tribune.

M. E. Church.

Sunday, July 31, 1910.
10:30 a. m. public services. Dr. Wm. B. Collins, District Superintendent will preach.
11:45 a. m. Sunday School.
3:00 p. m. Junior League.
6:30 p. m. Epworth League. Subject—"The Life of Christ."
7:30 p. m. Public Service. Dr. Collins will preach.
7:30 p. m. Thursday prayer meeting.
The public is cordially invited to attend these services.
JAMES IVEY, Pastor.

Financial Report.

Financial report of School District No. 1, Grayling Township.
Bal. on hand, July 15, 1909.....\$5,199.23
Received from all sources.....9,920.11

Total Receipts.....\$15,099.23
EXPENDITURES
For Teachers Salaries.....\$6,250.00
For Bond and Interest.....1,100.00
For Building.....1,100.37
For Incidental fund & janitor 2,656.66
Total expenditure.....\$11,106.93
Bal. on hand July 11, '10 3,674.30
Total.....\$15,099.23
MELVIN A. BATES.

Notice of Teachers' Examination.

There will be held a teachers' examination Thursday and Friday, August 11th and 12th, at the court house in Grayling. Below is an outline of the examination. The examination on reading will be based on Reading in Public Schools by Briggs and Coffman, one of the reading circle books.

ARITHMETIC.
Commercial discounts.
Commission and brokerage.
Stocks and bonds.
Denominate numbers, including all common measures.
Square root.
Mental arithmetic.

GRAMMAR.
1. Language lessons based on stories and pictures.
Suggestion: Give a brief description of your method of using stories and pictures in teaching language.
2. Grammar: Sentence analysis with special attention to complex sentence containing substantive and adverbial clauses. Syntax, with special attention to direct and indirect objects, nouns used as adverbs, and words used independently.
Inflection, with special attention of the apostrophe, formation of plurals, etc.
Rules for punctuation, special attention being given to the use of the colon and quotation marks.

GEOGRAPHY.
Commercial geography: A study of the world's commerce with the view of finding the needs and wants of the various regions as based upon geographic conditions growing out of the occupations of the people. Any recent commercial geography will serve as an outline of study, e. g. Trotter, Adams, Redway, Gannett-Garrison-Houston.

CIVICS.
How national, state and local taxes are levied and collected.
Our money system.
The power of Congress over commerce and how it is exercised.
The powers and duties of the President.
The establishment and management of public and school libraries in Michigan.
The care and management of defective, truant and delinquent children in Michigan.
The organization and work of our State Legislature.

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

England and America.
1. England's place among the European nations in the sixteenth century.
2. Motives inciting England to exploration of the New World.
3. England and the Spanish Main.
4. England and America, 1607 to 1814.
Humanitarian, economic and social conditions in America during the years 1814-1841, 1855-1897.
The origin, development and significance of socialism.
Great commercial crises in American history.
1. Time and cause.
2. Character.
3. Result.
The suspension of the Habeas Corpus law during Civil War.
1. Cause.
2. Result.
The race problem in America.
Colonial life.
1. On a Virginia plantation.
2. In Boston.
3. In Philadelphia.
Important treaties of the United States.
1. Date and name.
2. Terms.
3. Result.
Economic and industrial conditions in the South since the Civil War.
Book to be reported upon:
Up from Slavery by Booker T. Washington.
Michigan history.
Current events.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

In the examinations in June, August, and October, half of the work will be based on The Hygiene of the schoolroom by Barry, and the remainder on anatomy and physiology.

CREDITS.

Fifty percent credit will be given on the subject of theory and art and fifty per cent credit on the subject of reading to teachers who carefully pursue the course of Reading Circle work for the year, provided that the work is done under the direct supervision of the commissioner or his authorized deputy or that the teacher submit a satisfactory written report of the work at the end of the year.
JULIE BRADLEY,
Co. Com. of Schools

Resolutions of Condolence.

Whereas, It has pleased the Great Master of the Universe to remove from our midst the much beloved son of our Sister and Brother, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Christenson therefore, be it:
Resolved, By Maple Wood Arbor, that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his parents and those that are left to mourn; and be it further:
Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and also a copy be sent to the local paper.

MARY STEWART
MAUD BELMORE
GEORGE STAPELTON.

Eye Responsibility

I Realize the Responsibility Laid on Opticians.

I am fully equipped to examine all Eyes and to correct their defects.

C. J. Hathaway
JEWELER & OPTOMETRIST
GRAYLING, MICH.

A. J. CHARRON

DEALER IN
OSBORN'S
FARM MACHINERY

Mowers
Binders
Hay Rakes
Disk Harrows etc.

Repairs for all Implements always on hand. Give me a call. I can satisfy you in prices and quality of good and terms. I also handle the Empire Cream Separators and Cook's Gasoline Engines.

A. J. Charron

Frederic, Mich.
June 17-1st

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Reduced Fares

For the round trip to
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

account
Knights of Pythias.

Going July 29 to August 1, inclusive, returning to original starting point not later than midnight of August 13, 1910.

For particulars, consult Ticket Agent
MICHIGAN CENTRAL.
jul21&28

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Reduced Fares

for the round trip to
CHICAGO

account
KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

For particulars
Consult Ticket Agent,
MICHIGAN CENTRAL.
jul24&28

Manistee & N. E. R. R.

Time Table.
In effect July 23, 1910.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

Grayling.....Lv.....No. 50.....9.40 a. m.
".....Lv.....No. 52.....2.35 p. m.
Manistee.....Ar.....No. 50.....2.45 p. m.
".....Ar.....No. 52.....6.45 p. m.
".....Lv.....No. 51.....8.40 a. m.
".....Lv.....No. 53.....4.35 p. m.
Grayling.....Ar.....No. 51.....1.35 p. m.
".....Ar.....No. 53.....9.00 p. m.

Local Freight will arrive from Manistee at 4.00 p. m. and leave Grayling at 6 p. m.

All passenger trains are scheduled to make close connections at Walton Junction with trains north and south on the G. R. & I.

WATCH

THIS SPACE FOR
NEW AD.

Grayling Mercantile Company.

Hammocks

Quality Assured
Values Unsurpassed

Call and let us show you our splendid stock. Prices, 65 cents and up.

Sorenson's Furniture Store

Michigan Central

New York Central
Niagara Falls Route

Low Round-trip Fares

NEW YORK, \$29.70
BOSTON, \$29.80

Similarly low fares to all Eastern Summer Resorts, including Thousand Island, Saratoga, The Adirondacks, Canadian Resorts, White Mountains, Poland Springs and entire Atlantic Coast.

Liberal stop-over privileges and option of boat trip between Detroit and Buffalo and on Hudson River between Albany and New York. Tickets on sale daily to September 30; returning within 30 days. For particulars consult Ticket Agents.

Michigan Central.

july 7-3v

OLSON'S Automobile Line!



MACHINES FOR SALE OR RENT.

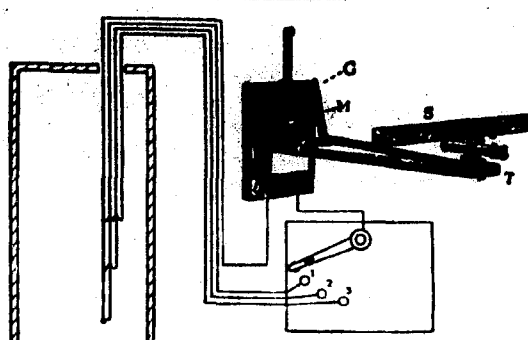
Call at Central Drug Store or Auto Barn.

Job Printing

Neatly and Promptly done
At this office.

APPARATUS FOR TESTING TEMPERATURE OF GRAIN

Heat Is Not Uncommon in Bins and When Elevator Man Can Locate It Many Dollars Can Be Saved—How Done.



Apparatus for Testing Grain Temperature.

Grain stored in one large bin will often heat. A good many dollars would be saved if the temperature down in the grain could be known at any time. This has been made possible by the Zeleny thermometer, says Popular Electricity. About 90 years ago it was found that two metals, such as bismuth and antimony, if heated while in contact would generate an electromotive force and this principle, that of the thermo-electric pile, is used in this device.

In the illustration one wire of nickel-copper is run in a conduit for protection down into a bin represented at the left. At various points taps are taken off with copper wire. An ordinary galvanometer and scale is placed on the wall near a contact board on which the wires terminate. When the lever is in the position shown, all the circuits are open and the scale (S) is moved so that on looking through the telescope the scale is shown by reflection from the little mirror in the galvanometer. Then the lever is moved over to point (1), for instance, this places the galvanometer in circuit with one of the thermo-electric junctions down in the bin. A slight current will then flow through the galvanometer due to the heating of the junction and will deflect the galvanometer mirror so that the scale as you look through the telescope will appear to move over. The distance

which it moves indicates the temperature of the junction, as the scale is calibrated to read in temperatures.

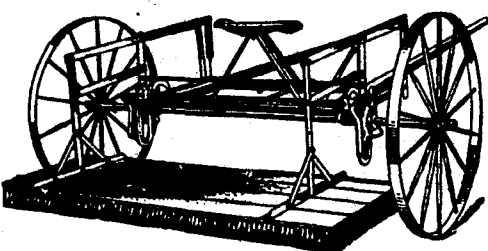
Silo Corn.

If for the silo the large growing kinds of corn that will mature sufficiently early are to be preferred, as a much greater amount can be grown on an acre, and the process of siloing will put the crop in excellent condition for feeding; but such are not usually the best for curing to feed dry, as there is a liability of being too much waste. This crop should not be planted too thickly, but space allowed for air and sun, and a fair amount of ears will add materially to the value of the fodder. Plant in rows sufficiently far apart to admit of cultivation which should be the same as for that grown for the grain.

Cost of High-Grade Fertilizers.

Fertilizers of high agricultural value cost no more to bag, freight and handle than those of low agricultural value. It pays to buy and use the best fertilizers, that is, those possessing a high agricultural value, as results of their use show up not only on the first crops but on the crops following. They save freight money, time, wear and tear on wagons, horses and drills, much disappointment and financial loss.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BUMBLE BEE



The implement here illustrated is a mechanical substitute for a bumble bee, and its purpose is to cross-pollinize clover.

The machine consists of a platform, the under side of which is covered with a myriad of minute fibrous fingers arranged like the bristles of a brush, says Popular Mechanics. The end of each fiber is covered with a rubber-like substance to which the pollen of the clover will cling. When driven across a field, the platform, or frame, moves up and down the little fingers reaching down into the heads of the clover. All that is required of the operator of the machine is to know when the pollen is in the proper state to be carried from one blossom to another by the machine.

The clover pollen, unlike that of most plants, is heavy and has a tendency to adhere to the heart of the blossom. The period in which the pollen can be carried from one blossom to another lasts not longer than two or three weeks. Consequently, it would take a vast amount of bumble bees to carry the pollen from every head of clover to some other head, even in a small field. The pollen cannot be carried by the wind, and the

bumblebees are disappearing, therefore, a machine to do the bumblebee's work is necessary.

Boom in Beet Sugar.

Beet sugar factories are now in successful operation in 16 states, Colorado, California and Michigan being the leaders in the order named. The largest of the factories handles three thousand tons of beets per day. They pay the growers \$5.35 per ton and the acreage has increased to eight times the area of ten years ago. The business seems to be profitable for the growers and improves the market value of farm lands in the neighborhood of the factories. The by-products, pulp and molasses, are fed to stock, increasing the amount of cattle kept and fed in the factory districts.

Good Farming.

How many farmers know that air is as necessary to the soil as water.

A good farmer hangs out his sign in the shape of a silo or manure spreader. It is not bad judgment for a hustling young farmer to go into debt for the farm machinery he actually needs, provided he takes care of it.

Prevents Potatoes Sprouting.

Consul General Richard Guenther, at Frankfurt, reports that a German fruit Raisin and Gardening, states that a new method for keeping potatoes and preventing sprouting consists in placing them on a layer of coke. Doctor Schiller of Brunswick, who has published the method, is of the opinion that the improved ventilation by means of coke is not alone responsible for the result, but believes that it is due to the oxidation of the coke, which, however, is a very slow one. Coke always contains sulphur, and it is very possible that the minute quantities of oxides of carbon and sulphur, which result from the oxidation, mixing with the air and penetrating among the potatoes, are sufficient greatly to retard sprouting. Potatoes so treated are said to keep in good condition until the following July.

Ingredients of Best Fertilizers.

The highest agricultural value in fertilizers is found in those that are manufactured mainly from animal matter, such as animal bones, dried blood, animal package, nitrate of soda and high-grade potash salts.

Guinea Fowls Protect Flocks.

I like the white guinea fowl because it is not so wild as the other kinds I have had, says a writer in Baltimore American. The hens lay nearer our homes and sometimes even in the henhouses.

Gapes have been prevented and cured by using oil of sassafras. Place a few drops in the food for prevention, and for a cure drop down the windpipe with a medical dropper. Put it on the head, run it under the wings for Me.

FACTS OF HISTORY STATE TO BE REPUBLICAN

WHY REPUBLICANS MUST NOT BE OVERCONFIDENT.

Three Instances Which Show Danger of Allowing Democrats to Secure Control of Congress—Party Must Exert Itself.

"Cheer up, boys," certain Republican politicians are saying to their followers. "The outlook for November is improving, but even if the Democrats win they are sure to make such use of their victory as to destroy their chances for 1912. They can't stand prosperity. Blundering is their forte, and they are usually on time."

Underrating the enemy is poor generalship. The Democrats have committed many blunders, but they do not always blunder. On several important occasions in the past 30 years they have followed up one victory with another.

In 1874 they carried the house, and two years later came within one electoral vote of carrying the presidency. No congressional slip of theirs on the eve of the Tilden campaign weakened them with the country. They secured a popular majority in 1876.

In 1882 they carried the house, and in 1884 elected Mr. Cleveland president. The Morrison-Randall division on the tariff did not show in the presidential campaign. Upon the whole, Speaker Cullum guided his house forces remarkably well during the first session of the Forty-eighth congress, and distinguished himself as a presiding officer.

In 1890 the Democrats carried the house by an enormous majority, thereby discrediting for the moment the work of the strongest Republicans in the country outside of the White House. Thomas B. Reed had revised the rules, and his lieutenant, William McKinley, had revised the tariff, and had held their ground in the congressional elections of that year. General Harrison would probably have been re-elected president two years later. But they lost to the Democrats, who, organizing the new house on conservative lines, helped materially to place the party in good position for Mr. Cleveland's third campaign. Judge Crisp, the speaker's chair was an assurance against extremism or flighty maneuvers.

A Democratic house, sitting from December, 1911, until the following summer, might queer the party for its presidential contest, but here are three instances warning the Republicans against putting such a result down as a sure thing. Responsibility sober men. It has been 18 years since the Democrats elected either a house or a president. While a victory now would be sweet, and might tempt extremists to folly, it would have a sobering effect on the great majority of the Democratic party and probably prevent them from playing into the hands of the opposition.

The only correct appraisal of this year's contest is that which makes it the opening of the presidential campaign. If the Republicans would go into the greater engagement with confidence, they should exert themselves to the utmost to hold the advantage they now possess. Relying upon the enemy to commit an act of folly at a critical time is neither magnificent nor war—Washington Star.

Republicans Welcome Fight.

For the Republicans there could be nothing better than a square fight on the tariff question next fall. The more the Democrats and the insurgents discuss the question, the weaker would their cause become. Every semblance of popular opposition outside Democratic lines to the provisions of the present law has arisen from misrepresentation of what those provisions are. The Democrats and the insurgents cannot afford to let the light shine, to let the truth be told about the existing law. To tell the truth about the tariff would be to insure an overwhelming Republican victory.—Denver Republican.

Postal Savings Banks.

The administration is moving slowly in the matter of postal savings banks, and is justified. They are a new wrinkle in our affairs, and as they touch what is called "the pocket nerve" should be handled with extreme care. Popular sentiment called for the legislation, but popular understanding of what is possible under it is meager. Time will be well bestowed in making all preliminaries complete. A hasty publicity start might be attended with many expensive consequences.

Party Promises Redeemed.

Congress has finished its record. Its members may now return to the people and make an accounting. Not a single honest Republican need hang his head when he faces his constituents. No one need apologize for Taft or the other Republican leaders who helped formulate the record now before the people. The Republican pledges and policies have been carried out.

Again the Old Question.

Mr. Connors says his party can win easily this fall with a "real Democrat." This begs the question. What is a real Democrat?—Buffalo News.

The cost of living, like the tariff, makes easy opportunity for those who delight in saying anything that comes into their heads, especially if it isn't so.—Albany Journal.

Again Awaits the Lightning.

Mr. Bryan seems to be still of the opinion that the candidates for the Democratic nomination of 1912 are decidedly ineligible with one exception, which modestly forbids him to mention, but who can be heard of in the vicinity of Lincoln, Neb.

Perhaps the Democratic donkey would stand a better chance if Mr. Bryan would follow the racing custom and permit to be ridden by some other than its owner.—Washington Star.

Oklahoma More Than Likely to Line Up With the Party of Good Government.

The unity among the Republicans of Oklahoma means that they will carry the state in November. In the state convention the Payne tariff act as well as the Taft administration was praised in the platform, and an appeal was made to all the members of the party to get together in favor of the state ticket and of the candidates for congress. The state ticket, it is safe to say, will be composed of capable and popular men. The party is in much better shape than it was in the state election of 1907, or in the presidential campaign of 1908.

"I send greetings to the Republicans of Oklahoma," said Mr. Taft, in a telegram to the convention, "and sincerely hope that their organization will be effective to redeem the state, and to make Republican principles victorious in the next election." There is a strong probability that this aspiration will come true. Gov. Haskell has been a very heavy load for the Democrats of the state to carry. Some of his eccentricities compelled the Democratic national committee in 1908 to remove him from his position as one of Bryan's campaign managers. His queer conduct in the state capital fight, now "on," has added to the number of his Democratic and Republican enemies. Although he will not be a candidate for re-election, his record will turn thousands of votes against the Democratic ticket.

The Republican party in Oklahoma is growing with great rapidity. It is growing from two sources—from immigration from Missouri, Kansas, Illinois and other Republican communities, and from the secessions from the Democrats which the lunacies and follies of Haskell and the Democratic machine incite. Haskell carried the state by 27,000 in 1907, but that was before Oklahoma had a chance to become acquainted with him. Bryan's lead in 1908 was only 11,000, and Bryan was more popular in the south-west than any other Democratic candidate would have been. In 1907 the Republicans elected only one out of Oklahoma's five members of the house of representatives. They elected three out of the five in 1908. Thoughtful Oklahoma Democrats are anxious to raise the social quarantine which Haskell's fanatics have erected against their state, and will co-operate with the Republicans for this purpose. November 8, 1910, promises to see a good day's work done for Oklahoma and for the Republican party.

Truly remarkable is the record of legislative achievements made by congress during the session now drawing to a close. In many respects, it is without a parallel in recent congressional history. In a single session nearly all the pledges made by the Republican party in its last national platform have been fulfilled.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TARIFF TO BE THE QUESTION

Parties Sure to Line Up on That at the Coming Congressional Elections.

To say that the Republican politicians in congress are pleased with the outcome is putting it too mildly. They are overjoyed with the results of the session and buoyantly hopeful of the future.

What about the Democrats? Well, the Republicans say that the chief assets of the Democracy are calamity and mistakes of the Republican party, and they don't see a visible supply of either asset in this instance. The Democratic campaign will be made solely upon the tariff. It is thought, and on that issue the Republicans are willing to meet them in open field and fair fight.

The Republican party is to stand up for the tariff legislation of this congress, supplemented, as it was, by the provision for an investigation and comparison of cost of foreign products, with a view to future reductions in the tariff where they can be shown to be warranted with due consideration of the welfare of the American workingman.

The Democrats are still hopeful of arousing the country upon the alleged inequities of the tariff legislation of this congress. The Republicans will meet their advance more than half way.

Republicans contend that the action of the Minnesota state convention defending the tariff legislation, shows the sentiment in the supposedly weak western states, and they insist that it indicates the existence of a sentiment favorable to the system of the protective tariff, with a willingness to trust the administration to smooth out inequalities in the future, and, at any rate, not to turn the job over to the Democrats.

This hopeful view of the Republicans does not imply overconfidence. They know that the battle is not won, that the fight must be made and made with vigor. But they do contend that the roseate Democratic hopes of a month ago have gone glimmering, displaced by the record of a Republican congress, a record open to inspection of all men and which they say it not to be denied.

Nothing to Be Gained.

Nowhere along the line, state or nation, is anything substantial to be gained for good government by turning out the Republicans and bringing in the Democracy. Is it not reasonable to think that the voters will realize this before November comes?

Record Is a Good One.

In the first eighteen months of his presidency, Mr. Taft has made mistakes. But most of them have been errors in politics; most of them have been mistakes that have been without effect, except as to his personal popularity. And with them all he has gone ahead, steadily, patiently, bravely, doing honestly and to the limit of ability, all he or any other man could do to carry out the pledges of his party and the expressed will of the American people.—Pittsburgh Courier.

For High Occasions



BY JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

A GROUP of handsomely gowned women, dressed for a social function requiring their best efforts, shows the more or less beautiful effects which have been brought about in draped skirts. Fashion has turned a smiling face to this innovation; it is welcomed more for its possibilities than for its accomplishments. It must be confessed that a "built to order" figure and natural grace of carriage are required to redeem some of the models from clumsiness, but given slenderness and grace in the wearer, costumers have turned out a few unforgettable models, with touches of beauty not to be achieved, except by the employment of draped effects. One of these was brought out in the gown made for a maid of honor in a wedding in what we are pleased to call high life. This gown, of marquisette, over voile, which in turn was posed over messaline, showed the marquisette turned up about the bottom of the drapery, providing a neat place for a long band of roses which were held by it as one holds an apron full of roses. The panter drapery, which was heralded with much noise—mostly of alarm—failed to be accepted except in a form so modified that its identity was lost. A trace of it is seen in the figure at the left of the group.

The drapery which has met with

most success falls in straight lines nearly to the foot of the skirt where it is confined in various ways. Sometimes a band of embroidery gathers it in; sometimes it is gathered into several points and fastened to the skirt with ornaments, or buckles. Most often it falls free in front and is gathered to a point at the back where it is confined by a buckle made of the same material as the dress.

The center figure shows a gown embodying the best liked of the season's new features. This is the inlay of a plain broad band of lace or silk on the material. The top edge is shaped usually in slanting lines, but many gowns are finished with plain broad bands of material, heavier than that employed in the body of the dress.

Embroidery in rich and varied colors is introduced in nearly all gowns for state occasions. Bits of Persian and other Oriental designs in silk add to the appearance of intricate design in these costumes. As a result gowns are brilliant.

Chiffon coats in long, clinging lines are worn over these sparkling creations. The effect is very fine and emphasizes once more the liking for Oriental splendor in the use of colors. We are borrowing ideas from all over the world, making them our own. And in turn we are impressing the rest of the world with ideas of our own.

STRIPED LINEN DRESS.



There is no smarter design for a young girl's dress than this; our model is in blue striped linen with trimming of plain lining of the darker shade of stripes. The panel back and front of the princess part are put on in wrapped seams; the lower half of skirt is arranged in well folded box-plaits, headed by a fish-wife trimming.

White Belts.

The white washable belts for wear with trim shirtwaist suits of white goods are exceedingly attractive, while

the prices at which they are marked are cheap.

The smartest of these belts close with small round or oval white pearl buckles, which can be removed when laundering.

Imagine a white duck belt so fitted, one and one-half inches wide, at 40 cents, and a pretty white mercerized embroidered jacquard belt a little wider at 18 cents.

Twenty-five cents will buy a white linen all-over embroidered belt, stitched edge and lined, and 35 cents the same design in a better quality.

Sane Advice to Girls.

Marcel Boulanger, a noted French writer, gives this sane advice to girls: "Remember, girls, that your faces really matter little or nothing. To preserve for a long time the illusion that you are as fresh as the morning and to show off dress to the best advantage, you must study your bodies above everything else and become mistress of the art of movement and charm. Never allow yourself to become 'sick,' carry yourselves well, keep in good health and keep your minds keen. And, above all, don't become round shouldered and crooked by constantly sitting in one position for hours playing bridge. Take plenty of fresh air and exercise and live as life ought to be lived."

The Dutch Collar.

At last the throat of the woman beautiful is to be seen.

Nothing so inartistic as the high collar that has had its vogue in woman's dress in the last decade, and it is a pleasure to sound its knell.

The sensible woman will begin immediately to give attention to her throat and neck; even the masseuse in the shop is apt to neglect this important adjunct to the pulchritude of her patron, unless she is reminded that this year all women's necks will be on view. Of course, every one of them will want to show a white, round throat, guileless of wrinkles or too much fat, for remember the Dutch collar has come to stay.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

HAT PIN OF SEALING WAX

Very Little Skill Required to Turn Out Article at Once Pretty and Useful.

Wonderfully pretty hat pins can be made out of plain, ordinary sealing wax, and they require very little skill in the making. A plain hat pin is taken and a knob formed on it of red sealing wax, which has been found to make the best foundation. When the knob has become thoroughly hard it is covered with as thick a layer of wax as desired, according to the size that is preferred for the hat pin, this layer being, of course, the color of the hat for which the pin is intended.

Round, square, flat, oblong and, in fact, all sizes and shapes imaginable are to be seen in the fashionable hat pins of the moment, so that the maker is given a wide range of ingenuity. To obtain the required shape the wax must be worked and molded with the fingers while in a half molten state, but care must be taken not to try to work it too soon, for nothing burns

more cruelly than boiling wax. As soon as the wax is near enough the desired shape it should be plunged into cold water to harden. When quite hard another application of a different colored wax may be given. This last may be put on in streaks or circles, to give the effect of a definite design. Two shades of blue, for example, used in this way will be most effective, while a bit of gold or silver sealing wax should always be at hand for embellishing the more somber colors.

With a little practice numerous different designs can be worked out and soon, with just a little skill, a girl can provide herself with a pretty set of smart pins for each and every hat, and all these for the small cost of a few long pins and a box of sealing wax.

Too Many Clothes.

Don't overbuy. Have what you need. And give care to what you have. Notable housewives once took pride in large stores of clothing. But the fashion has passed and with it much waste and disappointment.

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF MISERY

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. Fox, 2307 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.



The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaint is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed. If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.

LIVES SAVED AT SMALL COST

Figures Showing Expenditures For the Maintenance of Tuberculosis Sanatoriums.

In a comparative study of the cost of maintenance in thirty tuberculosis sanatoriums the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis found that the food cost in most of the institutions represented one-third of the annual expenditures. The average daily food cost per patient was \$0.54. The expenditures for salaries and wages represented nearly another third, being \$0.481 per day per patient out of a total of \$1.069. The fuel, oil and light cost was \$0.206 per capita per diem, or about one-eighth of the total cost. The daily cost in the several institutions ranged all the way from \$0.946 per patient to \$2.555. In the far west and southwest, as in Colorado and New Mexico and California, the cost was higher than in the east. In New York and New England, being \$2.025 per patient as against \$1.748. The total expenditures of the thirty institutions were \$1,363,953.28, while the total receipts from all sources were \$1,548,525.74. More than 70 per cent of the receipts were received from public funds and private benefactions, only 28.8 per cent, being from patients. Stated in another way only 35 per cent of the total expenditures were received from patients, the remainder being made up from other sources.

Silenced the Critics.

Charles Sumner, when in London, gave a ready reply. At a dinner given in his honor, he spoke of "the ashes" of some dead hero. "Ashes! What American English!" rudely broke in an Englishman; "dust you mean, Mr. Sumner. We don't burn our dead in this country." Yet, instantly replied Mr. Sumner, with a courteous smile, "your poet Gray tells us that 'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'" The American was not criticized again that evening.

Comparing Notes.

Mrs. Newby—My little Robbie is remarkably strong; he is only four years old, but he can raise his high chair with one hand!

Mr. Spoodler—Oh, that's nothing; in the apartment house where I try to do my sleeping there's a baby that's only four months old, and that child can raise the roof with no hand at all.

Real Novelty.

Knocker—Say, here's an original baseball story.

Second Senior—How's that?

Knocker—Here wins game in eighth inning instead of ninth.—Yale Record.

Initials.

"What are Mr. Wise's initials?"

"Can't say. He has been taking so many college degrees that nobody can keep track of them."

There's vitality, snap and "go" In a breakfast of

Grape-Nuts

and cream.

Why? Because nature stores up In wheat and barley The Potassium Phosphate In such form as to Nourish brain and nerves. The food expert who originated

Grape-Nuts

Retained this valuable Element in the food. "There's a Reason" Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," Found in Packages.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.

For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

HIS LAPSE OF MEMORY

When she saw the girl in the doorway, sinking into a chair, she exclaimed: "Woe, Isabel! How did you get in?"

"I ran right in," exclaimed the newcomer, sinking into a chair, "because I was sure I smelled something burning. I supposed the house was on fire. The maid was scrubbing the front steps and she must have thought me crazy. What on earth are you building a fire for on a hot day like this?"

The girl at the fireplace threw a handful of letters on the little flame which she had kindled. "Oh, this isn't a fire," she said. "It's a funeral."

"So that's it!" laughed Isabel. "Well, who is the man? And, Edith, why couldn't you have told me of your engagement in some other manner than this—letting me run into the house as though I were a thief or a maniac, just because you are having one of those bonfires which we always have on such occasions?"

"You're wrong on the first guess," said Edith as she threw the last letter on the fire and turned to face her caller. "I've had a mind to tell you about it," she mused, "for it is an interesting story. If you'll promise never to tell—"

"I promise."

"Well, then, Isabel, do you remember anything about Jack Wheeler and me?"

"What kind of memory do you think I have?" laughed Isabel. "Do I remember! Have I recovered yet from the nervous strain of trying to console Jack when you finally made him understand that you wouldn't marry him? And didn't I absolutely refuse to believe that he was engaged to some one else, until the wedding cards were out? It's two years ago, of course, but he was so madly in love with you that—"

"It happened yesterday afternoon," said Edith, interrupting the remarks of her friend. "I dropped in at Amy's and who should be there but Jack's wife! It was positively her first appearance in Chicago. It seems that her mother and Amy's mother were little girls together, or something like that. Anyway, there she was. Amy acted as if she wanted to laugh, or as if she were waiting for something very dramatic to happen. Jack's wife, however, seemed unconscious that I was anybody in particular."

"What is she like?" asked Isabel.

"She's a nice little thing," said Edith with the manner of one determined to be just. "But she isn't the kind of girl you would think Jack would admire."

"M-m-m," said Isabel, as she bent down, ostensibly to fasten her shoe, but really to hide a smile.

"No, she isn't the kind of girl you would think Jack would like. But she is very well bred and rather pretty in a quiet, demure way. We talked about the things that every one always talks about. Then in some way the conversation turned to names. I made my stock remark about the conveniences of having a name as odd as mine. Jack's wife then made her longest speech."

"You know my name was Smith," she said, "and for that reason any name of more than two syllables always seems strange to me. And you know your name is enough to surprise nearly any one on the first hearing. I agreed with her. Then she said: 'I've had a lurking fear that I didn't spell it right on the announcement cards. You see, Jack didn't write his list out for me, but simply told me the names.'"

"She seemed so earnest about it that I assured her the name was spelled correctly. As a matter of fact, it was. Then I laughed and said it was my first name, which certainly is common enough, that had been her undoing—she had changed my name to Edna."

"Well, what do you suppose she replied? 'That is a joke on Jack,' she said. 'For I asked him what your first name was and he said it was either Edna or Edith, he couldn't remember which. Then he thought a minute and said it was Edna.'"

"She must be a little cat," declared Isabel.

"I wonder," said Edith. "Still, she seemed so unconscious and so demure that I can hardly believe it. The chances are that Jack really did say that to her."

"Well, where do the letters come in?" demanded Isabel.

"Oh," said Edith, "they haven't much to do with it. You see, the way she said it was so perfect that I came away telling myself that it must be a mistake about Jack's having been fond of me; that time had exaggerated to me the importance of that affair. So this morning I went down to the storeroom and hunted around for a box of old letters that I knew was there. I hadn't thought about them for months and why I didn't destroy them long ago I don't know."

"I've spent hours reading them over, every one. And now I have burned them all, as your own eyes can testify. But in strict confidence, between ourselves, I don't mind telling you that at one time—and that not so very long ago—Jack Wheeler knew my name. And if it wasn't for that, I advise her to call in a brain specialist for Jack. His sudden loss of memory must be a bad symptom."

"M-m-m," said Isabel. "There's nothing the matter with Jack. It's only that he has married a cat and an actress combined."

CAN HE DENY?

Did Mr. Kelley Make Pledges for Support? It's Charged.

Sault Ste. Marie, June 23.—An upper peninsula man, who is actively interested in Chase Osborn's campaign for the governorship, in an interview here today threw a veritable bomb into the Kelley camp by directly charging the lieutenant-governor with having made a pledge, months ago, to the mining interests of the upper peninsula that he would, if elected governor, veto the tonnage tax bill if it passed the legislature. He said:

"My attention has been called to an editorial in the Lansing State Republican, which has lately become the Kelley mouthpiece, in which the declaration is made that the gubernatorial contest lies between Osborn and Kelley. This is followed by the statement that Osborn is 'pledged' to the mining interests, while Kelley is pledged only to the good of the state."

"Up to a few days ago I was inclined to agree that the contest lay between Messrs. Osborn and Kelley, but since Kelley's 'pledge' to the mining interests, which he attempts to repudiate in his intimate association and connection with the present administration, I am beginning to believe Kelley will be a negligible quantity in the situation before primary day. People instinctively admire loyalty when the object of that sentiment is not entirely to their liking. But when, as in the present case, a man who is an integral and important part of an organization, who has been largely responsible for the success at the polls of that organization, attempts to repudiate it solely because he is a public sentiment almost universally unfriendly to that organization, I have too high an opinion of public intelligence to believe he can get away with it."

"The second declaration in the Republican is a most unfortunate one so far as Kelley is concerned, since it permits of a rejoinder which will puzzle Mr. Kelley to meet satisfactorily."

"Mr. Osborn is pledged to no special interests, either in the upper or lower peninsula. He is pledged to see equal and exact justice done all interests. His political record and the character of his declarations upon the stump, in fact his entire life and the quality of his mind give absolute assurance upon this point. But how about Mr. Kelley?"

"Is Mr. Kelley prepared to deny without qualification that in his efforts prior to Mr. Osborn's entrance into the race, to secure the support of the upper peninsula that he gave certain representatives of the mining interests his personal pledge that he would protect the mining companies against the tonnage tax proposition should it pass the legislature? Or will he deny that he gave these representatives the assurance that if a tonnage tax bill passed the legislature, and he were governor, he would kill it by his veto?"

"I don't believe Mr. Kelley will answer these questions. He has had one good opportunity to do so, but declined. The Detroit Free Press, several weeks ago, asked a similar question. Kelley ignored it then, and I presume he will ignore it now."

"While equitable assessments for taxation is still a problem as it always has been, and will be for years to come, it is no more a problem now than it has been during the six years of the Warner-Kelley regime. Throughout the six years of Warner as governor, and Kelly as lieutenant governor, no word on this subject escaped either Mr. Osborn or his chief. Now that Kelley is a candidate and needs an issue he has become very keen for equitable assessments, particularly in a section of the state where he does not expect much support."

"The real issue in Michigan today and hereafter is which every citizen is interested in, and the money collected for state taxes shall be honestly, wisely and conservatively expended. Since the Kelley-Warner record along this line is not exactly popular, Kelley is making every effort to distract attention from this phase of the situation."

HOT SHOT.

Mr. Kelley in Isabella County Has a Record.

Editorial bird shot from the Isabella County Republican, where the "reputation" took place.

The publication in Michigan has Chase Osborn as a candidate, while Kelley is a candidate in the September primaries.

Warnerism and Patrick H. Kelley are inseparable—paste this in your hat and keep it there until after the primary. You will be money ahead when taxes are assessed.

Have you noticed that every Warner appointee is laboring incessantly for Kelley—and since Pat says he has "cut loose from Warnerism?" Isn't it significant and doesn't it appear just a little ludicrous?

In his characteristic manner, Patrick H. Kelley says he has cut loose from Warnerism. The same Pat who has materially helped to make Warnerism so repugnant to the people of the state of Michigan, and whose candidacy is still fostered by the element from which he says he has disengaged himself. Oh, pitiful!

Pat Kelley's petticoat was circulated in this city for two weeks and sent back with one solitary name. Pat is personally all right, but any man that is suspected of having been exposed to Warnerism, must be thoroughly fumigated before the fellows will tie up to him in this community.

The state banking department has authorized the bank of Fountain, capital \$20,000, to commence business; the articles of incorporation of the First State Bank of White Cloud, capital \$20,000, have been approved; and the Ann Arbor Savings Bank has filed articles to increase its capital from \$50,000 to \$200,000.

HORTON LAUDS BURROWS.

Expresses His Sentiments, and Indicates the State Grange Favors the Senator.

The forces opposed to Senator J. C. Burrows, who have been endeavoring to foster the idea that the State Grange is strongly against the senator, have been given a severe blow by the action at Adrian a few days ago of George B. Horton publicly congratulating Senator Burrows on his speech and lauding the senator for his stand on the postal deposits bill.

For several months a strong effort has been made to convey the impression, without making the direct charge, that Senator Burrows is opposed to the postal savings bank system. The truth of the matter is that it was Senator Burrows, as chairman of a sub-committee, who actually made the Carter bill over into the shape in which it is expected to pass congress. Senator Burrows had no wish to "toot his own horn," but his friends insisted that he make his position on the postal deposits bill clear, and in all of his speeches in the state he frankly went into the history of the bill and what it meant.

This attracted a great deal of attention, especially among the farmers. At Adrian, the morning after the McKinley club banquet, Mr. George B. Horton approached Senator Burrows in the dining room of the Maumee hotel.

"Senator," he said, "I want to congratulate you on your speech of last night. It was magnificently done. I was especially interested in your remarks on the postal savings bill. You know, we farmers had rather gathered the idea that you were opposed to the bill, and I, for one, am very glad to know that you are for the bill. It will be welcome news to the people of Michigan to know that you favor the bill."

Mr. Horton is one of the best known farmers in the state, his beautiful farm in Lenawee county being one of the show spots of Michigan. For years he was master of the state grange and is still a member of the executive committee.

TRIBUTE TO BURROWS.

Perry Powers Endorses Senior Senator's Candidacy.

The Cadillac News and Express, edited by Hon. Perry Powers, one of Michigan's best known and widely appreciated Republicans, gives unqualified endorsement of Senator Burrows' campaign for re-election as follows:

"Senator Burrows' recent visit to Michigan and his activity and successful speech-making efforts while in the state made it quite evident that he lacks nothing in the direction of health and strength necessary for a successful candidacy. In his several speeches Senator Burrows reviewed the recent work of congress and gave frank and complete reviews of his position on public matters, why he favored certain legislation and why he opposed other propositions. Senator Burrows' advocacy and explanation of the postal savings deposit bill won for him the approval of the farmers' organizations of the state, and he was cordially complimented on what he has said and done in that direction by George B. Horton, who for a number of years was master of the State grange. Senator Burrows is evidently quite able to do all that will be expected of him as a participant in a statewide senatorial contest, and present indications are that he will be the successful participant in that contest by a quite decided majority."

BURROWS FAR FROM DEAD.

Tires Out Young Men in Tramp Through Mammoth Auto Plant.

Anyone who is laboring under the impression that Senator Burrows is due to take to an invalid chair as a means of locomotion should have attempted to follow him when he was in Flint recently as a guest of the Lincoln club. One of the features of a day of entertainment was a trip through the mammoth automobile plant of the Buick company. The party walked and walked, until some of the younger men insisted that they had enough and refused to go further. They attempted to put it in the ground that Senator Burrows was getting tired, but the senator laughed at them.

"Boys," he said, "I could kill you all walking. Why, I haven't got started yet."

And off he went for a further jaunt, while the majority of the party sat down to rest.

The senator is in excellent health, and in his speeches made in the state during this spring he showed all his old time power as a public speaker.

FARMERS LIKE BURROWS.

Senior Senator Has Great Support in Rural Districts.

WASHINGTON—Despite efforts to make it appear otherwise, Senator J. C. Burrows is being warmly supported for re-election in the rural districts of Michigan, as is attested by many letters received by him at his office here.

This support is especially noticeable through the best sugar country, where the senior senator's course on the sugar tariff has drawn to him the best growers, but it extends throughout the state. The prominent part he has played in pushing the postal savings bank bill has had a great deal to do with this, especially as the Grange, the Farmers and the Farmers' clubs have all strongly endorsed this measure.

STATE CAMPAIGN HAS SLOWED UP

End of Banquet Season Causes a Big Lull.

CONGRESSIONAL FIGHTS ON

All Candidates for Governor Claim Success—Unprejudiced Observation Puts the Result in Doubt.

DETROIT—The end of the banquet season, which came a week or more ago, has caused a big lull in the campaign for state offices. Where but a short time ago the opinions of the candidates for governor filled the newspapers, now little is heard of them, nor will there be much until well along in the summer.

The friends of all three of the gubernatorial candidates—Patrick H. Kelley, Chase S. Osborn and Amos Musselman—claim that their man is going to win, and give various reasons for it. The backers of Mr. Kelley assert that he has held his own during the banquet season and that he will receive more votes than the other candidates combined. Mr. Osborn's friends, on the other hand, claim that Mr. Osborn cut into Mr. Kelley heavily during the speech making tours and that the tremendous enrollment in the upper peninsula indicates that he will win easily, especially with the help of Wayne and Saginaw.

Mr. Musselman's campaign managers are not making as much noise as those of the other candidates, but they appear to be confident that the Grand Rapids man is going to get a big vote. To the unprejudiced it seems that there is no way of telling just what the result will be, especially this far ahead of the election.

Many Congressional Fights.

The situation in the several congressional districts continues chaotic in the First there is little likelihood of Congressman Denby having opposition in the primary, but he will be opposed by Alfred J. Lucking in the election. In the Second both Henry C. Smith and W. W. Wedemeyer are contesting for the shoes of Mr. Townsend. In the Third district J. L. C. Smith of Charlotte is already announced as a candidate for the nomination against Congressman Gardner, and there may be others in the race. Railroad Commissioner Glasgow is still undecided about opposing Congressman Hamilton for the nomination in the Fourth. Mayor Ellis of Grand Rapids is spoken of as a prospective opponent for Congressman Dickerson in the Fifth, and in the Sixth Senator Frank J. Shields of Howell has practically announced himself as a candidate against Congressman Sam Smith. While no official announcement is forthcoming, Representative Cramton of Lapeer is almost sure to oppose Congressman McMoran in the Seventh. No opponent to Congressman Forney has yet appeared in the Eighth, and despite much talk, there is as yet no one in the race against Congressman McLaughlin in the Ninth. Frank Bush of Bay City will oppose Congressman Loud in the Tenth, and L. G. Defoe of Alpena will also contest in this fight; but in the Eleventh Congressman Dadds will be given his second term without opposition. Up in the Twelfth the copper country has a candidate against Congressman Young in the person of Angus Kerr.

The Senatorial Fight.

So far as the senatorial fight is concerned, the feeling seems to be growing that Senator Burrows will not be opposed when the final show down comes. Mr. Townsend recently withdrew from the congressional race in the Second district because his friends had become convinced that he could not be elected to congress against the opposition of Henry C. Smith, and while he is still tentatively a candidate for the senate, he is not expected to qualify with the necessary petitions for a place on the ballot.

Postal Men for Burrows.

Many Measures in Their Behalf Pushed by Michigan Senator.

DETROIT—Reports received by local postoffice employees from other offices around the state indicate clearly that, so far as they are able under the civil service rules, the postal employees of the state are all for the re-election of Senator J. C. Burrows.

When Senator Burrows was in Detroit recently a big delegation of the employees of the local office called on him at the Hotel Pontchartrain to pledge their support if he is to be a candidate again, and the report of this meeting, spreading through the state, has led to a large number of letters being written by clerks and carriers in other offices, informing the men here that the brethren out in the state were of the same mind.

The reason for this solid support is found in the activity Senator Burrows has always shown in behalf of the post employees. As a member of the committee on postoffice and post roads, all legislation affecting postoffice naturally comes under his personal attention, and he has always stood firmly for every measure which served to aid the employees of this big branch of the government service.

THE REAL RACE.

This Picture Shows Who is Who by Strong Contrast.

The Ludington Chronicle, one of the ably edited papers of northern Michigan, reviews in a late issue the gubernatorial situation in the following language:

"The merry three-cornered race for the Republican nomination for governor of Michigan is now on in real earnest, and all over the state the people are beginning to take a lively interest in the contest. Candidate Musselman, of Grand Rapids, is putting up a clean and energetic campaign, but everywhere the closest political observers agree that the real race is between Lieut.-Governor Patrick H. Kelley and Chase S. Osborn, of the Soo."

"A few months ago Mr. Kelley, who represents Gov. Warner and the state machine was conceded to hold first position in the race, and everything the coming his way. But today conditions have changed and the trend of popular opinion seems to be going Osborn's way in such a manner as to thoroughly alarm the Warner faction. Mr. Osborn's style of campaign has been something of a revelation to the old school horses who have depended largely on steam roller methods to carry Kelley through. Somehow or other, the people have got the notion into their heads that the old state has had about enough of Warner and his extravagant regime, and accordingly the Warner O. K. with which Kelley had, such an auspicious start, has proved a political boomerang which returns to plague the inventor."

"Besides this the people don't exactly like the moribund idea of handing the governorship job down from one generation to another as if it were the family heirloom of a royal house. If this is to be done they say, why hold an election for governor anyway. In this way the affable but ambitious Pat Kelley has fallen into wide disrepute and the tide of popular sentiment has turned toward Osborn with unmistakable force."

"Meanwhile the versatile gentleman from the north has gone on campaigning with an energy quite astonishing. Everywhere he goes—and he goes everywhere, the people like him. They like his speeches, they like his style, they like his candor. He makes more speeches, shakes more hands, imparts more inspiration, hands out more ideas than any man who has stumped Michigan since the days of the immortal Pingree. With a voice that seems as tireless as a graphophone and with all the force and power of a Zach Chandler he goes romping over the state with his hands where he wants and why he thinks it. He meets Kelley, Warner et al face to face at the banquet and calls the turn on them, as nice as he can to be sure, but nevertheless he means it, and they all know it."

"Osborn hasn't struck Mason county yet in his wanderings, but he's due here before the campaign is over and it's a good guess that he'll get a glad hand. Kelley and Musselman have both been here but their smoke faded away after them much as one may have swallowed another. When Osborn comes there may not be much loud noise, but it's safe hazard that the gentleman will at least be conscious that someone is looking at him."—June 22.

NO TRUCKLING.

Mr. Osborn's Sound Views Are Plainly Expressed.

Perry F. Powers, of Cadillac, is one of the most ardent and persistent Osborn men in Michigan. Powers is widely known all over Michigan, and has for years made an intelligent study of state affairs. He believes Mr. Osborn will be the next governor of Michigan, and will give the state an administration of which every citizen will be proud.

Commenting upon Mr. Osborn's fearless, independent and clearly expressed views upon the subject of taxation, recently, Mr. Powers says: "There may be differences of opinion touching questions of state taxation and as to just what procedure in that direction will produce fairest and most satisfactory results. But there is not a voter in the state who does not admire frankness and sincerity on the part of men who are seeking positions of responsibility and power."

His reply to the suggestions suggested to him by the Michigan State Grange, Chase Osborn said: "I am in favor of iron and copper mines paying their just share of taxation, and I agree with even the most insistent on that subject that it is absolutely important and desirable that they should do so." In a further reference to the Grange questions Mr. Osborn said he did not believe it would be wise or best to abandon the ad valorem tax system at this time. This system had been adopted in Michigan after several years of legislative contention and state-wide effort and its results were quite satisfactory. What ever was necessary to be done in order to require the iron and copper mines to pay their just share of taxation could be accomplished, Mr. Osborn believes and says without departing from Michigan's present policy of state taxation. There was no word or a line in Mr. Osborn's reply which sought to evade or to conceal or to deceive. He frankly tells the voters of the state through his letter to the State Grange just what he will desire to do in the way of insulating upon equal taxation, and the people of Michigan know that they will all every promise he makes. There is more value in such a degree of confidence than in any possible state of mind produced by whole hours of pleasing oratory or many columns of suitable and complicated statements intended to meet all sorts of conflicting requirements and to suggest all things to all men no matter how far apart their sympathies and desires may be.

GOING FISHING

"But I don't see the point," protested the summer resortor.

The young man with his foot resting on the lower step and two fish-poles over his shoulder shook his head patiently.

"Haven't I just explained," he said, "that when one goes to the country one must indulge in outdoor sports, and that fishing is included in the category? Given a perfectly good lake full of trusting little fish, why not fish? If one does not fish why not stay in town where one can order fish planked and then complain to the waiter? Do try to be in keeping with your surroundings just at present you are, theoretically, surrounded by shiny bass begging to be caught."

"I'm not!" declared the summer resortor, flatly. "I'm surrounded by a gale of wind direct from the north pole and I'm freezing to death and I want to go back to the log fire inside the cottage from which you called me! You may think this is June, but I'll tell you it isn't—it's the middle of winter!"

"Oh, come on," begged the man on the lower step. "Honest, fishing isn't half bad. Besides, it's no fun to go alone!"

This is perfectly idiotic!" grumbled the summer resortor ten minutes later as she tramped along in sweater and old coat, her nose pink and her eyes weeping from the wind. "I'm frozen clear through and I loathe fishing anyhow, and, besides, any self-respecting fish would stay at home on a day like this! I'd have no regard, not the slightest, for a weak-minded fish that would go deliberately wandering around in the ice water looking for bait merely to be accommodating when it could just as well as not stay in the nice warm mud at the bottom of the lake! I shouldn't care to eat a fish like that, really! Don't you think it is going to snow?"

"It's really too cold to snow," admitted the young man. "If it could storm icebergs I'd be willing to prophesy those, but not just plain ordinary snow. All the horses at our place are blooming out in winter coats of heavy fur. Still, the fish don't mind that, because you can cut holes in the ice in winter and get them, you know."

"B-r-r!" shivered the summer resortor as they rounded the outskirts of the woods and came out on the lake front. "I'm glad to discover what you call pleasure! Of course, if you had invited me to go on a merry little jaunt through a cold-storage plant or something like that I would have known what to expect. Fishing has always been represented to me as an agreeable way of killing time. I don't see anything agreeable about this. I wish I had brought my fur!"

"We aren't fishing yet!" said the young man, patiently. "We are merely on the way. The rest of the sport will—"

"Ow-w-w!" moaned the summer resortor. "How was I to know that horrid hook was swinging loose? If you tear my best puffs getting it out I'll never forgive you as long as I live!"

"Then you'll have to unpin them and let them dangle on the hook," said the young man, shortly. "They may attract the fish."

"Yank it out!" commanded the summer resortor, fiercely. "I hate fish-hooks! I heard of a girl once who got a fishhook caught in her ear when she was a child and they couldn't get it out and she had to go through life that way."

"Too bad she couldn't unpin her ear as you can your puffs," said the young man, unsympathetically. "Now, you sit on the box and I'll bait your hook."

"Ugh," said the summer resortor. "There must be something wrong with a human being who can handle angle worms and act as though he liked it! Doesn't it make creeps go down your spine?"

"No," said the young man, callously. "I'm just as wrong as they make 'em! Pardon me, but fish as a rule don't skate along the surface of the water—you'd better lower your line!"

"Truly," said the summer resortor through her chattering teeth, "are you having a good time?"

She stared questioningly at the young man who sat hunched up beside her wrapped in a disreputable heavy coat and with a pipe between his teeth.

"Yes, indeed," he declared, cheerfully. "Aren't you? This is great!"

"I'm not," said the summer resortor, uncompromisingly. "And the lake is getting rougher and rougher and pretty soon it will splash over this pier and wash our stiffened corpses away—oh, what's the matter?"

"Gotabitte!" said the young man, running the words together. "What a nice bass! Put it into the basket!"

He rebaited his hook and then as the summer resortor didn't come back to her seat, he looked around.

"What in creation are you doing?" he roared.

"Sending this poor little fish back home," she said, coolly, as she dropped it into the lake. "It's looked so little and sort of lonesome. Can't you catch them bigger than that?"

The young man looked at her and set his jaw. Then he arose resignedly. "Come on," he said, "and we'll go back to the log fire. I don't believe I care much about fishing today."

Benefactor of Humanity.

Blended is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us witty evidence of the fact.

ANDY'S FRANK BOOK

"It's sad, but true," said Hutch, the reformed telegraph operator, who had been in deep thought for some time, "but I can't think of the copy-book motto or maxim, or whatever it's called, that fits the case of a friend of mine. I once knew all those top lines, too, but it isn't 'Virtue is its own reward' or 'A kind answer turneth away wrath' or any that comes to my mind just now. However, here is the story:

"It was when I was manager for a branch office of a telegraph company that I became acquainted with Andy Glenn. He was in the railroad business in a small way, and that threw us together. He was strictly honest, but if there were any perquisites going around he was out for his'n, and got all that came his way. Should one be coming along the street, Andy was not the man to sidestep or duck around a corner. No, he met it face to face, and always was the captor."

"Often I have thought that Andy was the man for whom trading stamps and tobacco tags were invented, for they sure were his style. It was rumored that when he was a child he enjoyed being sick just to get the candy or lump of sugar that went with the medicine, and he always led his classes because the teacher gave a prize each month for the best pupil."

"Well it so fell out that Andy became the owner of the 'Frank Book' from the telegraph company which employed me. You know a Frank Book is like one of those postage stamp books you buy at the postoffice with pages of stamps that can be torn out and used separately. The franks are given to individuals the company considers itself under obligations to and can be used to convey free purely social messages signed by the one in whose name they are issued. One attached to a message will secure transmission free, such information as it's a ten-pound boy and is named after you, uncle. 'Meet Mary at the train. She will spend two weeks with you,' etc."

"Now, Andy found these stamps convenient and his communications by wire were numerous. His book had been renewed during the year of its life, but with the last day of February it expired by the statute of limitations imposed upon its back. Andy was brought to a realization of this fact by the receipt of a new book of stamps for the coming 12 months. But alas, he searched himself and found a bunch of the old stamps still unused, and with the coming of February 28 upon him saw their value fitting. He was taken by surprise and had not realized the time was so short. Never before had he seen such valuable collateral go to waste. What was to be done was his problem."

"I was in my office on the night in question, and Andy called me up and stated his case. He wanted to know if it could not continue to use the old stamps until the book was empty, but I said it was ag'in the rules. He asked if they could be exchanged for new ones and again I had to tell him nay."

"Then came his heroic resolve—he would use them all before midnight, and not let the telegraph company get the better of him."

"Then came a hunting up of friends to whom he owed letters and the writing in his hotel room of lengthy messages, replying to their latest communications, the affixing of stamps, the call for a bell boy to take the dispatches to a branch telegraph office in the hotel and Andy retired shortly before midnight conscious of a duty (and a telegraph company) well done."

"As Andy was beginning his dreams the operator in charge of the branch was relating the messages to the main office, satisfied with the bell boy's assurance that 'Mr. Glenn says these are all right and get 'em off in a hurry.'"

"But woe it is to tell. A mistake had been made, and the branch office was that of another telegraph company. Our rival, which never had granted Andy the freedom of its wires, but knew he was responsible financially for any fair amount of business. The error was not discovered for two days, when the messages were sorted and the valueless stamps were discovered."

"Then a settlement was desired, and Andy was obliged to dig for \$5 to pay for his set of dispatches, which conveyed good wishes and gossip that he needn't have sent at all or could have distributed for a few two-cent postage stamps."

"Since then Andy has been careful of the reckless use of perquisites and he looks at the sign over the theater before he presents his pass at the door."

Politics in the Pyrenees.

"One day," said a Parisian, "I arrived with my wife at an inn in the lower Pyrenees. It was during an electoral campaign. The place pleased me. Two days passed. At the moment of my departure I asked for my account. The innkeeper responded: 'You owe nothing. The Count de V. who is the candidate, has paid everything in this district for 15 days.' So I remained at that inn 15 days without paying a sou."

A Form of Luck.

There is such a thing as luck. If you are a small eater and a slow eater you are lucky.—Attributed to Osho.